



SOME CHRISTMAS MARTYRS

DRAWN BY ARTHUR LORAIN



THE CHRISTMAS BELLE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN, GLASGOW AND MANCHESTER

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular Turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. . . Written by Himself and now newly set forth By **L. Cope Cornford.**



ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. SHELDON

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford goes forth to Salisbury one March morning in the year 1655 to tell Mr. Richard Phelps, a merchant, that he loves his daughter and knows that he finds favour in her sight. On the way he meets John Manning, a youth five years his senior, who also loves Barbara, and is in high feather at having won her father's consent to his courtship. After something near a quarrel the two fare together to see old Phelps, where Manning is discomfited, while Anthony finds himself accepted by father as by daughter. Late at night, while he is on his way home, an attempt is made to murder him. He has an opportunity

to kill his enemy—no other than Manning—but contents himself with warning him never to be seen again within sight of Salisbury spire. Preparations for his marriage move apace, but at last, as he goes homeward one day, he is stopped by a highwayman—Captain Jacobus, whose real name is Sir Clipseby Carew—and warned that if he proceeds he will be arrested, inasmuch as his estates are confiscated, and himself outlawed, by the Commonwealth. Asked if he has an enemy, Langford remembers Manning, and sees his work in this. Jacobus explains that he is a principal agent in a new conspiracy against the Protector, and asks Langford to join him, persuading him at last. They then ride to Wilton and meet other Royalist conspirators, where it is arranged that Jacobus shall proceed immediately to tell the Earl of Rochester what force the Royalists of Wiltshire can put in the field forthwith. It is arranged that Anthony Langford shall ride with him.

CHAPTER III.

A DEN OF THIEVES.

IT must have been past midnight when we quitted the Orle of Martlets and struck into the road leading towards Grovely Wood, a tract of forest lying about three miles to the

northward of Wilton. No sooner had we reached the skirts of the wood, than the Captain, quitting the road, plunged into its branchy depths. Save for an occasional patch of star-spangled sky

above the burgeoning tree-tops, there seemed nothing to guide us, for the place was pitch-black; nevertheless, the Captain held steadily onwards along some sort of rough track

"Ye have just seen the top-side of the King's party, Mr. Langford," he remarked. "Now y'are to behold the bottom. His Majesty's business requires some singular instruments, and its execution sometimes takes his servants into strange places."

As he spoke there fell upon our ears a confused noise of shoutings; and a few paces further, we descried, behind the serried black trees, a red glow as of a great fire.

"The clapper dogeons are in their altitudes, as usual," observed the Captain. "For drinking roaring drunk hand to fist, and raising the Black Spy in general, commend me to Mul-Sack's crew."

Before I had time to ask his meaning, we emerged upon a wide, irregular clearing, where stood a dark mass of building, which seemed to be a chapel. A most prodigious din was going on within: the painted windows glowed upon the night, and a stream of light shone from the open doorway: through which we could see a fantastical crowd of men and women seated about long tables, feasting, gambling and quarrelling. Two sentries, posted one on either side of the doorway, lay propped against the wall, sound asleep; a pot of ale stood on one side of each: and on the other, his match smouldered in the grass. Planted in the ground, in front of them tipsily askew, were their match-lock rests, while the ponderous weapons themselves were leaned against the wall. The red ruins of a huge fire, burning midway between the chapel and the trees, dimly revealed the figures of several horses picketted near by, and the outlines of some covered waggons beyond.

At the moment of our arrival, there was a sudden increase in the clamour: and the wild figures of two men, twisted together and fighting like cats, appeared upon the orange patch of the doorway, swayed to and fro, dropped upon the sward outside, and lay there wrestling. Other figures thronged after them, and in a moment the combatants were hidden from view by a howling mob.

Captain Jacobus dismounted briskly, drew a pistol from his holster, and strode into the crowd, shouldering them

to right and left. "Mark ho!" some one shouted: and the cry was caught up and repeated twice or thrice: then, with a complete change of accent, "The Captain! Way for the Captain!" Catching his horse by the bridle, and following close upon his heels, I came up to find the Captain slashing the writhing gladiators on the ground across the head and face with his heavy riding-switch, and rating them the while like a couple of curs.

"Do I pay you to kill each other, you filthy scoundrels," he cried, as the bloody and dishevelled ruffians staggered stupidly to their feet. "No more of it, or I will have the skin flogged off you by inchmeal. Take the horses to stable, some of you. Come in, Mr. Langford;" and we stepped across the threshold.

The place was thronged with a crew of more villainous tatterdemalions than I had ever before clapped eye upon in one place, and the reek of the atmosphere caught my throat. Stuck upon the tables and in iron wall sconces, there were enough candles burning to lighten a street: the unsightly reliques of a huge meal littered the trestle-tables that stood along the walls: and round them was gathered a horrible tribe of beggars and their callets. There was scarce a complete man amongst them: the most had lost a limb in the late wars, and the rest would lack an eye or an ear, or perhaps a nose; while as for those among their women who were not old, lean, and hag-like, the boldness of their manner of attire and behaviour flushed the blood into my face.

Upon our right hand, almost midway in the wall, an arch opened upon what had doubtless been a private chapel, but was now a kitchen furnished with a great stone fireplace, about which two or three stout wenches were busy cooking. As we entered, the crowd, falling suddenly silent, made way for us. Right in front, upon the dais where once had stood the altar, an old man sat in a high-backed chair beside a small table, dozing asleep as placid as though he were alone in a wilderness. His face, burnt dark by the weather, was evil and handsome, and his long white curls flowed upon his shoulders. Immediately above him rose the tall east window, wherein, through the smoke, I dimly discerned the pale figure of our Lord.

At the jingle of our spurs upon the

stones, the ancient arose; and saluting, approached us.

"What the devil, Mul-Sack!" cried Captain Jacobus. "Do you keep order no better than this? Had I been Captain Crook, with a troop of dragoons at my back, you would have been jogging to Tyburn in fetters by now."

"Why, that's the truth, Captain, and where's the use of denying it?" returned the other, with a kind of cringing insolence. "The rogues are fit to make your heart ache, you know so well as I, Captain. If you please to enter your own room, Captain, the wenches will light a fire and bring the best we have."

"Quick about it," said the Captain shortly: and turning his back upon the man, Mul-Sack, and going to a door in the north wall, he took a key from his pocket and unlocked it.

Mul-Sack, crying out some commands in a strange language, plucked a scone of candles from the wall and followed: when we found ourselves in a vaulted octagonal chamber, which must once have been the Sacristy. Two or three of the wenches bustled in and out with fuel and dishes: in a few moments a faggot was blazing on the hearth, and a plentiful meal smoking on the table. The Captain unlocked a great chest that stood against the wall, and drew forth bottles of Xeres wine: and we fell to

very heartily, Mul-Sack coming in and out the while, solicitous that we should lack nothing. When we had finished, the table was cleared swiftly, the door shut, and we were left alone. Captain Jacobus, who forgot nothing, dived once more into the chest, and placed upon the



"DREW FORTH BOTTLES OF XERES WINE"

table paper and ink, pens and sealing-wax.

"Write what you have to write, and I'll despatch it forthwith," said he: and sitting down by the fire with his back to me, the Captain lit a long pipe.

I took my head in my hands and tried to think what I must write to Barbara.

Clearly I must tell her the truth of the case, and leave her free to renounce me. 'Twas the least and the most I could do: but I knew well enough she would not consent: and although there was consolation in the thought, how could I endure that her lot should be bound up with that of a broken man and an outlaw?

"To Salisbury? A decus there and a decus back," said the Captain, as I handed him the enclosure. "Have you a couple of crowns?"

I gave him the money and he left the room, to return with Mul-Sack.

"The letter shall be delivered so soon as the city gates are opened," said the



"EVERY WORD I WROTE I THOUGHT OF BARBARA READING IT"

True, the present conspiracy might succeed, the King come to his own again, and all be well, but I owned to myself I had small, bitter hopes of it. There are things in this world must be carried thorough-stitch in spite of one's teeth: here was one of them: every word I wrote I thought of Barbara reading it: and when the letter was done there was no more virtue in me.

old gentleman. "I do not know your name, sir, but you seem a mighty proper young gentleman, and 'tis a pleasure to serve you," he added, politely.

"Sit down, Mul-Sack, help yourself to liquor, and get to business," said Captain Jacobus. "What of Mr. Armorer?"

"Trepanned. And the harmanbacks picqued to Rumvile and lodged him in the King's Inn," returned the other.

The Captain, twisting his moustache, seemed to digest this intelligence, then he turned to me.

"He wishes to convey," said he, "that Mr. Nicholas Armorer, my lieutenant, has been captured by constables, carried to London, and confined in Newgate. Stow your whids and plant 'em," he added, to Mul-Sack. "Tell us how it happened in the King's English."

"How should I know?" said Mul-Sack, coolly. "Mr. Armorer must have had an accident in filching the mails from Thurloe's express from Flanders, and afterwards fallen in with Crook or some of his gans, for going out upon the night-sneak we found the cold meat of Thurloe's rider Kaines with a sword-slash in his throat. We stripped him for what he was worth, which was cursed little, but found no screeves on him. So 'tis a nice question whether Mr. Armorer destroyed the mails before he was taken, or whether the soldiers carried them to Thurloe. Ay, Nick Armorer's gone out on the boman ken once too often, Captain. Here's to his bilking the nubbing-cheat, but I wouldn't lay a groat upon the chance," and the old robber tossed off a tot of French brandy and turned his glass upside down upon the table.

The Captain sat ruminating gloomily for a space, Mul-Sack sipping his liquor the while, and casting sidelong glances out of his narrow eyes at his chief.

"And what of the brothers Dickenson?" enquired Captain Jacobus.

I learned afterwards the details of the audacious plot to which this question referred: indeed, (though not without qualms) I assisted later in its development. There were two brothers Dickenson, Mr. Emanuel, and Mr. Jedediah, both of whom were goldsmiths: Mr. Emanuel carrying on a great trade in Paul's Churchyard in London, and Mr. Jedediah a solid business in the High Street, Winchester. Mr. Emanuel was a zealous member of the Rump, which appeared to the Captain much more than a justification for robbing the pair. So he forged a letter to Emanuel, purporting to be from the wife of Jedediah, inviting Emanuel to her husband's funeral: while Mul-Sack (who was a person of grossly misused education), indited another pre-

cisely similar, to Jedediah, on behalf of Mrs. Emanuel. When the brothers were fairly on their way to each other's obsequies, Mul-Sack was to rob the Winchester shop, while Captain Jacobus rifled the house in Paul's Churchyard.

"According to the time allowed," said Mul-Sack, in answer to the Captain's question, "the letters would be delivered this morning, so that both the fools should have started to-night. They will be sure to travel at night, for fear of you and me, Captain."

"Why, 'tis very well," said the Captain. "And what next?"

"No more that I wot of, save that Noll's upon the road to-morrow, travelling up from Winchester. I drink to his speedy damnation," said Mul-Sack.

The Captain appeared quite unmoved by this piece of news. "How many out-riders?" he asked, knocking out the ashes of his pipe upon the palm of his hand.

"Seven."

"Ah!" said the Captain. "And now I'll bid you good-night, for these are ill hours and we must be stirring betimes. And what think you of Mul-Sack, King of the Beggars, Mr. Langford?" he continued, when the old man had shut the door behind him.

I was dazed and bewildered with the staggering sequence of events, and tired as a dog: but I had somehow acquired an impression that Mul-Sack was a very villainous rascal, and I said so.

"Y'are right," said the Captain. "A most deadly varlet. But he is supple as a glove with me, and his vagabonds are my secret-service men from Southampton port to London town. John Thurloe thinks he owns a secret-service, but mine is worth forty on't. My pilgrims take what they can get: disobedience is sudden death: and in the upshot, the King is very well served. Can ye sleep on straw, Mr. Langford? I know no softer bed:" and the Captain flung himself on a huge truss of fresh straw that had been laid in readiness, rolled himself in his cloak, and seemed to sleep at once.

I laid myself down likewise, and my weariness was so sore, that in spite of sorrow, I dropped straightway into the profound slumber of youth.

In Praise of Pantomime.

UNANIMITY is sometimes charming, but the editors of *The Ludgate* were not altogether prepared for the marvellous unanimity wherewith theatrical managers answered their question as to what is the best form of entertainment for the Christmas season.

There were one or two whose replies, being not quite like the others, may be dealt with first of all. Mr. Maskelyne, writing from the Egyptian Hall, declares that there is nothing like conjuring. Over the way, at Moore and Burgess's a representative of *The Ludgate* had a very interesting talk with Mr. Lawrence Brough, the manager. There must be many, it would appear, who think that there is nothing like negro minstrelsy. What is more, they are very conservative in their tastes, and it is the experience of the management that nothing goes better nowadays than the things that went well years and years ago. In proof

of this statement it may be added that on the night of our representative's visit someone was singing, with evident success, a song which was a great favourite when he first began to sing it in the same hall five-and-thirty years ago—before Moore and Burgess existed. Another fact which bears upon the present question is that at Christmas, the company quits the hall that usually suffices and moves into the large hall, which accommodates 5,000 people.

Those who love their Dickens—the creator of many an honoured Christmas tradition—and have seen Mr. Toole as "Caleb Plummer," will be strongly tempted to agree with the message the veteran comedian sends through his secretary: "Mr. Toole thinks that one of the soundest and most healthy entertainments for the Christmas holidays is a representation of Dickens's story of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, in which he is always happy in acting the part of 'Caleb Plummer.'

"

After this comes the unanimity. Sir Augustus Harris "certainly thinks that pantomime is the best kind of entertainment during the Christmas season." Sir Augustus was on the point of leaving for America when he sent this answer to the question, but, happening to be in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane our representative went to Mr. Neil Forsyth for some further particulars. October had hardly begun, and the booking office had



MR. J. L. TOOLE AS "CALEB PLUMMER"
From a photograph by Mayall

been open only a few days. Yet the public, as well as the libraries, had flocked to engage seats, and there were those who had already arranged that on nights so far away as the middle of next February they would go to the theatre. More astonishing still were certain letters, containing cheques and postal notes, in which, writing last December, people applied for seats at the opening performance of the new pantomime, next Boxing Day.



DIRECTING A REHEARSAL

After Sir Augustus Harris, let Mrs. Sara Lane speak out of the wealth of her experience:—

*Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, London, N.
September 20th, 1895.*

DEAR SIR,—Replying to yours of 23rd inst., my idea of the best kind of entertainment for Christmas can scarcely be matter for conjecture. It is pantomime. I do not mean a gorgeous spectacle of processions and ballets, such as in the present days is, I think, too often given under that name; but a pantomime upon the lines of the days of old, full of fun and frolic, of singing and dancing, and containing a simple plot, dealing with the opposing forces of demon spells

and fairy aid to oppressed mortals. It has always been my endeavour to mould my pantomimes into this form, and while retaining all the good features of the past, to be ever awake to the improvements of the present day.

Yours faithfully,
SARA LANE.

From Bristol comes another expression of the same opinion:—

*The Prince's Theatre
Bristol.
Sept. 30th, 1895.*

MY DEAR SIR,—

In reply to your favour, I have no hesitation in stating

that pantomime still maintains its position as the best kind of entertainment for the Christmas season. It is a tradition, and is as indispensable to Christmas festivities as plum pudding. It is the one great treat that children anxiously look forward to from one year's end to another, as it is generally



THE CORPS DE BALLET

their only visit to the theatre. In defence of the reproach (?) that nursery subjects are unceasingly chosen for pantomimes, I can only say that as these nursery stories are the first that children are taught, the impressions then created are not easily forgotten, and a natural desire is engendered to witness these familiar stories in stage form. It generally happens that the most favourite subjects in the nursery prove the most popular pantomimes on the stage.—
Yours truly. J. M. CHUTE.

and we require an entertainment calculated to banish these cares and relieve our thoughts from business troubles. It is not imperative the attraction should be a pantomime, but the amusement demanded should be of that light and amusing quality which, while dispelling our gloom, would give pleasure to all and offence to none.

EDWARD FLETCHER.

Mr. Mulholland writes very fully, and it is to be noted that he does not share the regrets for the old style pantomime



REHEARSING A JAPANESE DANCE

Not otherwise does Cardiff declare:—
Theatre Royal, Cardiff.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your enquiry as to the best kind of entertainment required for the Christmas season, as a theatrical manager of many years experience, I think the most suitable must be that which is specially bright and attractive and sparkling with wit and humour. A refined pantomime, with plenty of harmless fun, is my idea of the best counter attraction to the dullness, damp, and fog, of our usual Christmas weather. In these days of excitement and worry, of telephone, and telegram, our anxieties are brought to us at once

which were so widely expressed at the time of the recent death of Harry Payne, the last of the old clowns.

*Theatre Metropole, Camberwell, S.E.,
October 9th, 1895.*

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry as to the kind of entertainment most suited to the Christmas season, I beg to say that, speaking for the theatres proper—apart from which I do not lay claim to any special knowledge or experience—in my judgment pantomime holds the first place, and this opinion I base, not only upon the indications in London—where, by the way, the supply of pantomime recently has seemed to me con-



THE SERPENTINE DANCER

siderably short of the demand—but upon the great popularity of this class of entertainment in the provinces, where every large town practically demands the production of an elaborate “Annual” costing many thousands of pounds, at one, and often at two or more theatres, and supports such productions for runs varying from two to three months. The requirements of the smaller centres are comparatively as exigent in this respect, and are met by the “Touring” pantomime, which has in recent years become an acknowledged and important branch of the amusement industry during the Christmas time, and, indeed, well into the spring season. The majority of the local, and many of the touring performances, are given with great completeness, but it is curious to note in the latter case, that the pantomime which will delight an audience at the beginning of January will fall flat at the end of March. Of course large numbers will always be found to prefer the play proper, the variety theatres, etc., and this is especially so in London, where, however, the huge population upsets ordinary calculation, but there is, I think, a vast majority with whom the idea of Christmas is inseparably associated with a

visit to the pantomime, and I am of opinion that this is the typical, seasonable, and popular class of Christmas entertainment. Granting this, we are narrowed down to the particular form which it should take. I see no great cause to regret the decadence of the harlequinade. No matter how well this may have been done, it must have been somewhat monotonous when spread over an entire evening: and when every pantomime was more or less a variant of every other. For myself I have invariably found “Joey” a dull dog. The rough and tumble pantomime is on its last legs, while the variety performance, wrapped up in the remnant of a fairy tale, or the distortion of several nursery legends with an elaborate back-ground of headache-compelling spectacular effect, is a thing of the past. There will probably be several opinions as to how “Ali Baba” acquired his knowledge of the Old Kent Road, and how “Blue Beard” struck up his acquaintance with John Jones of Covent Garden. The time has come when the unities must be considered, and when even the children will resent the maltreatment of their favourite heroes and heroines. The fairy tale should be treated daintily, the plot evolved consistently, set to bright and tuneful music, punctuated by appropriate and graceful dances (I wonder how long the public will stand the high-kicking and other acrobatisms at present yclept dancing?),



“THE NOBLE ART”

mounted in a frame sufficiently gilded to please the children's eyes, but not too heavy for the picture, and above all mingled with a continuous stream of harmless, hearty fun. My subject for the coming season's production here will be *Robinson Crusoe*, and I may say incidentally, that the "King of the Cannibals" having visited these Islands "on a mission" will speak a little English, but "Man Friday" will be practically ignorant of the language, and that neither will have any acquaintance with—say the lady whose golden hair was hanging down her back. In a word, pantomime is in my opinion the Christmas entertainment *par excellence* of the present, and the pantomime of the future will be a fairy play with the music of a comic opera, and the mounting and latitude of an extravaganza. — Yours very truly,

J. B. MULHOLLAND.

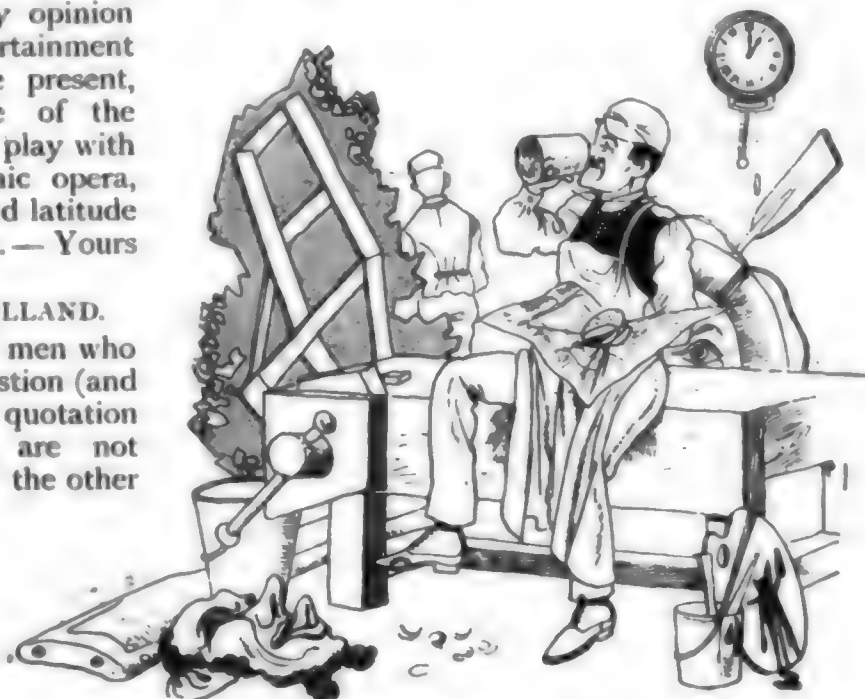
These letters, from men who have studied the question (and they are chosen for quotation only because they are not limited, like many of the other letters received, to a bare declaration in favour of pantomime) prove that at Christmas there is practically but one form of entertainment for Londoners and provincials alike. Perhaps, also, they contain, taken together, a sufficient explanation of why this is so.

Pantomime, of course, is the one kind of theatrical entertainment which children can enjoy with anything like a full appreciation, and Christmas is a season when it becomes the bounden duty of the elder generation to lay aside its own peculiar likings and prejudices and labour to make life pleasant for the juniors. The lover of Shakespeare, or of the problem-play, has therefore to put his private wishes aside and take his children, or those that call him Uncle, to see the mixture of fairy-tale

and music-hall which goes by the name of pantomime.

But there is no particular self-sacrifice in this. Pretty dresses, faces and dances should be as attractive to the grown-up as to the very youthful, and as a matter of fact they are. There must be many a woman, especially, who is glad to learn at Christmas the words of the songs whose melodies have been familiar, as rendered by barrel-organs or whistled in the street, during the preceding year.

Thus it is that, even as these lines are



DINNER HOUR

being written, a host of men, women, and children are going perseveringly through the exercises pictured in our illustrations, so that they may delight the people who are already thinking of taking seats—and even finding themselves already too late to take them—for Boxing-night performances at theatres all over the country. If only because of the vast number of people not always able to get employment, for whom it makes Christmas and the weeks that follow a time of comparative plenty, it is matter for rejoicing that at this season of the year the one most popular form of entertainment is pantomime.



A Transformation Scene.

WRITTEN BY MARY STUART BOYD. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD.

PAUSING to regain breath after a steep climb, the Rev. Peter Ormond turned to gaze down on the little seaport nestling close to the shore of the Firth. The straggling principal street drew back from the beach, as if, dreading the surge of the German Ocean and essaying to scale the hill, it had stopped wearily half-way. On the edge of the lower cliff, at whose base the waves boomed angrily in stormy weather and rippled soothingly in fine, ran the Fisher-row, a line of squat, red-tiled dwellings of the fisher-folk. In front of this single row of houses, bordering the cliffs, extended a low, broad sea-wall. During the frequent gales it afforded some feeble protection from the assaults of the billows. In times of peace it formed a convenient and appreciated lounge and chatting place. There would the women gossip as their busy fingers baited the lines, the while the men rested, idly smoking, enjoying the ease and sunshine after a hard night's work. Lower, the waters of the Forth played caressingly around the harbour, and gently rocked its little fleet of fishing smacks at anchor.

Mr. Ormond was a man of sympathies, quick if not profound; and as he viewed the sea sparkling gaily in the fitful

December sunlight, he marvelled, as those who study the face of the ocean in its happier moods must ever marvel, that anything so fair could wield a power so cruel: a reflection trite but inevitable. Some time before, a schooner, trading between Leith and Antwerp, that carried a village lad as mate, had been reported missing. After anxious weeks, intimation had come that fragments of the *John and Mary's* long boat and part of her rigging had been washed ashore on the Norfolk coast. It was impossible to evade the conviction that she had perished in the fierce north-easter which wrought tremendous havoc on the 8th of December.

The Misses Marget and Meenie Mathieson, members of Mr. Ormond's congregation, were the aunts and only living relatives of the missing lad, and it was towards their cottage that Mr. Ormond bent his steps this bright winter morning. The Misses Mathieson were persons of some distinction. They lived in a neat, slate-roofed cottage of their own. Miss Marget made dresses for the villagers—she had once turned a black silk for the doctor's wife—while Miss Meenie attended to the house-work and was entrusted with the rougher parts of the sewing—as over-whipping the seams.

The door-knocker shone bravely as ever, but the window-blinds were drawn closely, and the minister's boyish, laughter-loving soul sank within him as he braced himself for the half-hour that lay before him in the exercise of his pastoral duty. Miss Meenie opened the door and silently led the way to the kitchen, where Miss Marget sat in her best black cap, working on a hearse-like bonnet.

"Ye'll have heard?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes, Miss Mathieson, I have heard the sad news, and I came at once to offer my profound sympathy to yourself and your sister in your painful affliction."

Though Miss Marget was the younger,

cut-over suits that he speedily wore out, and to lecture him on deportment in high-flown language that produced little definite impression on his youthful mind. He was ever a dunce at school. But what boy with the smell of the sea in his nostrils, the sound of the sea in his ears, and the craving for the sea in every fibre of his being could pass weary hours conning dreary columns of maddeningly impossible spelling, or counting endless rows of incomprehensible figures. Many a night did Tommy creep home, after a glorious day's truancy, to encounter a hearty reception from the family tawse, which, wielded in Miss Marget's strong right hand was a weapon of no mean capacity, and to be sent supperless to bed. He soon learned, however, to look



"THE LITTLE BLACK PONIES WITH THE GAY TRAPPINGS"

he somehow, all unconsciously, gave her first rank. Perhaps this precedence was due to a certain decision in her manner accompanied by a greater bulk of person. Miss Meenie cried quietly. She it was who had tried to screen Tom's delinquencies from the knowledge of his sterner guardian; for of a truth the rearing of the boy had been a terrible care to the spinsters. Surely it was a scurvy trick of Fate to plump down on these maidens—who had pursued methodical lives for more years than they would have liked to confess—the eminently disturbing elements of a sturdy five-year-old nephew. Still they tried hard to act dutifully towards him. Miss Marget was wont to contrive wonderful

in the tiny wall-cupboard of his attic room for the piece Aunt Meenie's tender heart had prompted her to secrete against his coming. And when, his school days over, Miss Marget, turning a deaf ear to his pleadings that he might spend his life upon his beloved ocean, arranged to apprentice him to a grocer, an uncle of his mother's at Cupar, it was Miss Meenie who awoke in the morning to find an ill-scrawled pencil note under her door, explaining that, following out his resolutions to be a sailor, he had run away.

Many thoughts crowded on Miss Meenie as her tears bedewed the rusty pieces of crape she tacked on a bodice for "second-best wear;" pieces which

the last time the sisters went out of mourning had been carefully rolled on a smooth rod and put away, with admirable forethought, against the next bereavement. Miss Marget also pondered on many things. She recalled how, his first voyage ended, the lad had returned laden with such gifts for both as his slender purse permitted. She recollected, too, with a jealous twinge, that, seeing in his room a gorgeous eastern shell, she had inquired for whom it was intended, and that he had frankly acknowledged he was to give it to Devina Beith. Devina had been his sweetheart at school, though Miss Mathieson considered it beneath him to "tak up with the like o' her." The girl's father was but a fisherman of unsteady habits, and she looked after the smoky house in Fishers-row, baited the lines, and in her scant leisure knitted the great hose of coarse yarn worn by seamen under their huge boots.

"Your nephew was a fine young man," remarked Mr. Ormond, when, having prayed with the sisters, his visit drew to a close.

"Yes," assented Miss Marget, "he wasna that tall, none o his mother's folk was what ye ca' tall, but Tom was wiry."

"Ay, but he had a bonnie face, an' aye a bricht smile," broke in Miss Meenie, through her tears.

"He niver had a day's illness, but jist a week in bed wi' the measles," amended Miss Marget.

"An' Marget, dae ye min' that even then naething wad serve him but tae hae the window open that he micht listen tae the waves singing. An' him jist gaen' on seven."

"He must have had an inborn love of the sea," remarked Mr. Ormond.

"An' after it a'," said Miss Marget, bitterly, revealing that deep-rooted hatred of the sea ever to be found in women whose heritage is to live within sound of its roar, and to behold the awful desolation it can work, "to think he's awa noo, an' no a body to read a word o' gospel ower his grave."

Mr. Ormond's heart was overwhelmed with sympathy, and, obeying a sudden impulse, he exclaimed, "Miss Mathieson, I'll tell you what I'll do, if you are agreeable. I'll come up some day soon, and you can gather your friends and we'll hold a funeral service here, in your house."

Miss Mathieson's strictly Calvinistic

soul gasped a moment. For this was quite an original idea—at least she had never heard of a ceremony of this sort—a funeral service without a corpse!

"Ay, Mr. Ormond! I ne'er heard tell o' such a thing. Surely it's never been kent in Fife? An' what a speakin' it would mak' in the town."

But an expression of intense gratification overspread her grim features. Miss Meenie, whose chief sorrow had been the absence of the last precious offices for her beloved dead, rejoiced at the prospect of being able to show some respect to his memory. So, after short consideration, they agreed in assuring Mr. Ormond that they "would take it very kind indeed o' him."

"Then, Miss Mathieson, will you let your friends know to come on—let me see—this is Monday; suppose we say Wednesday afternoon, at three. If that will suit you?"

The Reverend Peter sought the high-road, well pleased with himself, and strode along with buoyant tread till the sudden jingle of harness and the quick hammer of hoofs behind caused him to turn round with heightened colour. He knew the little black ponies with the gay trappings, and he worshipped secretly their owner, Lady Ann Gordon, who drove towards him. He always felt that he preached to an especial audience when she graced the family gallery in the grey, weather-beaten church on a rocky knoll near the beach. His occasional visits to the Castle had been received with a cordiality whose memory made him hold his head aloft for many days. This morning his star was evidently in the ascendant. Lady Ann reined in her ponies, and saluted him by name. Her cheeks were rosy under a transparent veil. Her red cloak was trimmed with fur, and a knot of scarlet velvet stood upright at the side of her smart fur cap. On the cushions sat a watchful schipperkie; behind perched an impassive groom, with folded arms. Lady Ann was full of kindly impulses, and, as she approached the black figure on the road, it occurred to her that Mr. Ormond, a man of social instincts and great culture, must find Christmas lonely in the small village wherein Fate had for the time located him. Why not help him to enjoy himself?

"Mr. Ormond, I am so glad to meet you. We have a lot of children, my brother's bairns, staying at the Castle, and on Christmas Day we mean to have a Christmas-tree in the afternoon and charades at night. Will you come to lunch and help to amuse them? Mother will be so pleased."

Mr. Ormond was only too delighted to accede. The anticipation of a dreary Christmas in a town where the festival passed unregarded had been before him for some weeks. To spend it at the Castle of all places in the world! The joyous prospect crowded every other thought from his mind.

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"An' now, Meenie," exclaimed Miss Marget, when Mr. Ormond had gone, "we maun hurry to hae a' thing ready in time."

Hurry they did. Miss Marget sewed at the mourning as for dear life, while Miss Meenie, in her oldest wrapper, with a duster tied over her head, explored, besom in hand, every corner of their scrupulously clean dwelling. That done, she baked scones and cakes, washed every dish and polished every morsel of tin and brass in the house. The sisters went late to bed, and rose early. By twelve o'clock on Tuesday the renovated costumes, frocks, mantles, and bonnets were finished; and the keenest eyes could have detected no speck of dust anywhere. Whereupon they rested from their labours, and, after a scrappy meal

of tea and the less shapely of the scones, attired themselves in crape-laden garments and walked down to the town to make final arrangements for the burial service of the morrow. From house to house they passed, leaving invitations. The families of the postmaster, the joiner, the baker, and the draper, as well as a few elderly ladies who maintained respectable appearances upon trifling annuities, were duly summoned. Some discussions had occurred as to the

advisability of calling personally on an old sea captain, who dwelt alone in a house at the further end of Fisher-row, and who spent his last years sitting on the sea-wall with his right eye screwed up and his left glued to the end of a telescope. On Sunday he abstained from this pleasing occupation, and clothed, even on the hottest summer day, in a heavy pilot overcoat, attended every ordinance of the Parish Church,



"GAZING DREAMILY OVER THE MISTY WATER"

where he made his presence felt by joining in the psalms with all the strength of his robust lungs. The consultation ended in the decision to write a note and to deliver it in person. And this visit they modestly postponed till well nigh the close of the round: after startling the good man by approaching him from behind, while he, still unaware of their presence, scanned the horizon, they placed the note in his hand and delicately departed. The wintry sun was setting as they retraced their steps.

Presently they came in view of a girl with a faded red shawl tied over her black hair, who leant on the sea-wall, gazing dreamily over the misty water.

She did not observe the sisters, but Meenie, suddenly grasping the other by the arm, whispered :

"Marget—that's her!"

"Fine I ken that," replied Marget, curtly.

"Marget, he likit her rale weel," pleaded Miss Meenie.

"I ken what ye're wantin', but I'll no dae't. She wasna near good eneuch for the like o' him. Her faither's jist a daidlin' body."

"But she's a guid lassie herself; an' oh! Marget, but she's bonnie!"

Miss Marget jerked her arm away and walked fiercely on; and Miss Meenie, not daring to venture further entreaties, trotted meekly behind. The last call, and most important, was at the grocer's, where, after ceremoniously bidding Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie to the service, they purchased a bottle of port, another of sherry and a pound of sweet biscuits. Snow was falling lightly by the time they ascended the incline. Miss Marget desired silence, and merely replied in gruff monosyllables to her sister's conciliatory remarks. Miss Meenie was carefully putting her best bonnet in a band-box on a shelf in the cupboard of the spare room, when she heard the front door softly close, and on entering the kitchen found her sister gone. Half-an-hour later Miss Marget returned exhausted, but with a more peaceful expression on her worn face.

"Meenie, I hae done it. I couldna' hae rested otherwise. Maybe her folks are no what we wud hae looked for, but she's a fine bit lassie hersel', and she's rale broken-hearted. See what she gave me to show you."

It was a photograph of the ill-fated lad: cheap enough, yet rendering truthfully his manly face, illumined by the radiant smile his aunts remembered so well. It was a poor thing, but still the women shed many hot tears over it.

During the night there had been a heavy fall of snow, which was still drifting through the morning light, and the wind moaned dolorously round the cottage where the sad, little company awaited the arrival of the Minister. The blinds were down, and the fire had been "gathered" with a great lump of coal

that neither of the hostesses might require to heed mundane affairs in presence of their guests. On the top of the old brass-handled chest of drawers stood a tray bearing two heavy decanters of wine, a plate of biscuits, and the household's entire stock of crystal; and in reserve were platters heaped with scones and oat cakes; while the whole was covered with a damask napkin. The general impression was somehow that of sacramental "elements." On the clean, scrubbed kitchen table, sombrely draped for this especial occasion, reposed the huge Family Bible, and a water-bottle and tumbler. Every chair in the establishment had been brought into the kitchen and all were closely ranged against the walls. A cushioned seat was placed for the Minister's use at the head of the table in front of the Bible. Before the appointed hour each chair was filled, and some late-comers seated themselves on the edge of the two box-beds. Miss Meenie opened the door, and Miss Marget enthroned in the chair nearest the one intended for the clergyman, received the guests with due ceremony. Men, entering from the bluff outer air, felt the greeting die on their lips as they were met by the resigned bow of Miss Marget, who sat pressing a black-bordered pocket-handkerchief to her lips. Miss Meenie's station was an antiquated chair, just inside the kitchen, whence she could easily answer the knocker. Her crape was rusty as Miss Marget's, but scarce as plentiful. Her mouth twitched nervously, and her worn, idle hands fidgeted restlessly on her black silk apron. Outside in the lobby stood Devina Beith, whose asking had been a matter of conscience with Miss Marget. None of Miss Meenie's gentle entreaties could induce her to enter. She prayed to be permitted to wait there. "She would hear quite plain," she said, "and she could slip off afore onyane kent." And Miss Meenie, appreciating her sentiments, urged her no further. Three o'clock passed: half-past three came, and still the steps of the Reverend Peter were not heard. The brief winter daylight was well-nigh spent. The closed window blinds and "happet" fire afforded scant illumination. Some of the men, the unwonted leisure and silence having a soporific effect, breathed heavily through their noses, and tried to keep awake by stealthily moving their limbs. Little Jamie Clark, an only son, who was



"THE FIGURE BURSTING INTO THE ROOM."

suspected of a leaning towards the long trail, and who was brought thither that the awful example of Thomas Mathieson's fate might the more firmly be impressed on his mind, fascinated by the ship in full sail that adorned the face of the old clock, and with the movements of the pendulum heaving incessantly upon a painted ocean, gazed on, till, half mesmerised, he was in danger of falling from his perch on the side of the bed. Alexander McNeal cleared his throat occasionally, and Mr. Forgan coughed uneasily, but none gave utterance to the thoughts that had taken possession of the minds of all—the Minister had forgotten! Four o'clock struck on the ancient time-piece, and Miss Marget broke the silence by saying in a sepulchral voice: "She's forret." Elder Neven furtively consulted a turnip-shaped watch and replied, in correspondingly lugubrious tone: "No much. If its five meenites, that a'." But the wheels of Peter's chariot tarried till certain of the bolder spirits resolved that when the hands reached half-past four they would leave, whether Mr. Ormond had arrived or not.

On a sudden all became conscious of a cold air in the hitherto close room. Glancing in the direction of the passage whence the draught emerged the assemblage beheld the door open wider, and, looking in upon them through the gloom, shone the face of the mourned sailor! He was white from head to heel, and his features bore traces of suffering. Speechless they stared: motionless, the form returned their gaze. So passed a long moment. Then the figure, bursting into the room, cried out in a cheery voice:

"Hillo! I'm jist in time. I didna ken there was gaen to be a pairty!"

By this Aunt Meenie, who had been nearest, was weeping on his snow-coated shoulder; and Marget had risen—overturning the water-bottle and heeding not—to clasp him in her arms.

"But what's wrang wi' ye a'?" asked the returned one.

"There's naething wrang noo ye've come hame Tammas;" smiled Miss Marget through her tears.

And, the spell broken, it was as though the Prince had kissed the Sleeping Beauty. Davie Thomson, sitting in the window, took upon himself without permission to pull up the blind, while Phemie Scott broke up the gathering coal and put on the kettle. And Miss

Meenie, clearing away the Bible and wiping up the spilt water, lifted the huge tray to the table, and requested those present to help themselves and to drink to the health of their boy. For, as Miss Marget faltered: "Our son which was lost is found." In the midst of their joy, Miss Meenie, ever thoughtful for others, looked round for Devina. Slipping out into the passage, she discovered her leaning trembling and faint against the wall.

"Come in Devina, come awa in my dearie, and speak tae him. He'll be terrible prood to see ye."

"Oh, I canna, Miss Meenie. I canna. I couldna speak till him afore a' they folk. Dinna ask me. I'd jist greet an' greet."

Then Love whispered to Miss Meenie, who had never had a lover. "Gang into the back room then, Devina," she said, "an' I'll send him to ye', his love."

And a minute later Tom, summoned by his aunt with a multitude of signs mysterious, entered the back room to the congenial task of kissing a maiden, lovely and agitated, back to composure.

At the Castle the Reverend Peter, in the garb of Santa Claus, was distributing costly gifts off the Christmas Tree, and delighting all the youthful recipients by quips and apposite remarks. While he held up a splendid model of brigantine to an urchin in man-of-war costume, a sickening memory of that other sailor lad seized him. This was the day himself had appointed: he had not noticed that it would be Christmas Day. They must have been waiting since three: it was nearly five now.

"You are ill, Mr. Ormond," said the Countess anxiously, as she observed his sudden pause and change of manner.

"No; but I must go. Yes," in answer to a shout of dismay from the children, "there is something important. A matter of life—of death I should say—I have neglected. I must go at once."

Refusing all offers of conveyance, Mr. Ormond, thrusting aside his festive garb, and forgetting gloves and muffler, started at a run. The roads were heavy with snow, but he covered the mile and a-half in an incredibly brief space. Breathless and panting he reached the

house of woe, and opening the door without delaying to knock, hurried, unannounced into the kitchen. In his professional career the Reverend Peter never received a greater surprise. The kitchen, wherein he had pictured a melancholy company awaiting his tardy appearance, was filled by a gay—nay, rollicking, throng. Miss Marget, unconscious that her funeral cap hung skittishly over her left ear—pushed there by her nephew's hearty embrace—stood, decanter in hand, urging Captain Pearce to fill up his glass, while Miss Meenie, all smiles, was infusing tea in her best tea-pot; laughter and joyous congratulations resounding on all sides.

"Miss Mathieson," he begun, apologetically, feeling relieved, and perhaps a little chagrined that they had suffered so slightly by his forgetfulness, "I am sincerely grieved——"

"Oh, Mr. Ormond, he's come back. He came back as well as ever," broke out Miss Meenie.

"Yes, Mr. Ormond," amended her

sister, "by the grace of God, our nephew, Thomas Mathieson, has this day been restored to us, his sorrowing relatives, well in body an' mind."

"Exceptin' for his arm in a sling," interpolated Miss Meenie.

"But how did it happen?" inquired the Minister.

Whereupon the guests began with one accord and much zeal to enlighten him. Mr. Ormond merely grasped confused items, as: "Terrific nor'-easter," "Both masts lost," "Boats washed away," "Drifted out of her course," "Ae man drowned," "But it's a' richt noo; an' here he is tae speak for his-sel'." Mr. Ormond beheld a man of twenty-two. His left arm was in a sling, while the other encircled the waist of Devina Beith, known to the Minister as the prettiest and most modest of the village lasses.

"Ay, Mr. Ormond, sir. We had nae work for ye the day, but I'm thinkin' we'll hae some afore lang, and o' a merrier kin' tae. Wull we no, Devina?"





HIRING A GUINEA GUEST

YOU will understand from what you already know of me that I could in nowise have avoided over-hearing the remark of Miss Ridley-Churton to her younger sister. I was waiting until Mrs. Ridley-Churton should arrive, and the two young ladies were looking out of the window in the next room, the one facing Porchester Terrace. "Look, Trixie!" I heard, "isn't that man on the other side of the road exactly like the hired guest I..other had in at my birthday dinner?" I heard no more at the moment, but when I had finished interviewing Mrs. Ridley-Churton (she is a very well-known actress in public life) upon her recent success, for publication elsewhere, I adroitly turned the conversation to the topic of professional guests, and at length bluntly asked her whether she had ever had to call one in upon any emergency. She laughed, and said vaguely that it was vexing to have to do such a thing, doubtless. "No, but have you?" I persisted. "Oh yes, once," she replied, "through an unfortunate disappointment."

"Please tell me about it."

"Oh, it was nothing."

"That's what Mr. Toole used to say in *Walker, London*. But I should really like to know."

"Well, if you must know, I had arranged a dinner-party to celebrate the birthday of my daughter, Phoebe, last February——"

"What age did the young lady attain then, may I ask?"

"Good gracious, man, whatever next! We were to sit down fifteen at table, and a couple of hours before dinner-time a telegram came to say that Mr. and Mrs. —— would be unable to attend in consequence of the death of a near

relative. I was vexed, of course, but did not realise the full significance of the disaster until Phoebe screamed and cried out that that would mean thirteen sitting down to table. Then I admit I became alarmed. I don't know that I, personally, should be frightened to sit down one of thirteen, but as hostess it would have been an unpleasant thing for me should any of my guests have qualms about the unlucky number, and I had to guard against the contingency. First of all we debated whether we could reduce the gathering to twelve, but there was nobody we could possibly weed out. Then we deliberated whether there was any neighbouring friend we could dare to invite at such short notice—and there wasn't. I had heard from a lady friend that guests could be hired from William Whiteley's, but I had never really seriously credited it. There was no help for it, however, but to make the experiment; and it was a load off my mind when Whiteley's message came back that a guest should be at my house at eight promptly, and that the fee would be one guinea."

"And he arrived and played the guest satisfactorily?"

"Yes, very well indeed, except that he overdid it a trifle. I had suggested to him that he should be a second-cousin just returned to England—for he mentioned that he knew Canada well; and he did not forget to apply what Gilbert calls "corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." All through the dinner he would persist in talking about our mutual relative in Toronto in a manner which quite embarrassed me. But altogether he was a polished and engaging man, with quite an unusual flow of bright conversation."

"Then he rather put some of your genuine guests in the shade?"

"Ah! now I must wish you a very good morning."

THE LETTING OF GUINEA GUESTS.

This somewhat abrupt application of the closure led me to seek Mr. William

can show me?" I asked.—"Not exactly in stock, but my manager has a good register of suitable guests, from whom we can always get a few here for customers to choose from—that is, if they get time to come and make a preliminary inspection; but usually they have to leave that to our discretion, because they want the guest or guests all in a hurry upon some emergency."

"But your orders in the hired guest department are not exclusively emergency orders?"—"No; perhaps a gentleman and his wife come

to London. They are absolute strangers, knowing nobody we'll say. They scratch an acquaintance with a neighbour, and invite him to dinner. Naturally they like to impress that neighbour, and they get an agreeable

company of guests by paying us from a guinea a head for them, and travelling expenses. The evening is a pleasanter

one on the principle of the more the merrier, and that is very likely the start of a round of social engagements for those erstwhile strangers within our gates."

Then I remembered that these interviews would be read somewhere about Christmas.

"And at Christmas?" I said. "Do you help the organisers of festive gatherings, then?"

"I have done so, indeed, and not infrequently. The fact is that London is so big a place that every sort of need exists somewhere within its limits, and has to be met by the universal pro-

vider who has any proper pride. Yes, my guests have been called to family gatherings at Christmas."

"But some of your guests are hired by quite a higher class of society than such a case would represent, eh?"—"Oh, yes, dancing men, in particular, we send to some of the best houses."



THE HOSTESS

Whiteley himself for further information. I found him busy universally providing at Westbourne Grove, and I hoped I didn't intrude. He assured me I didn't; and when I brought up the topic of his professional guests, he talked about them freely.

"Have you any guests in stock you

"As, for instance, er—er—"

"No, I don't think I can mention names. My customers might not like it. But the Mayfair or the Belgravian damsel does not lack partners in well-arranged crushes. You may draw your own inferences."

"You must have some men of good form on your register then?"—"We have indeed, including several barristers to whom the briefs do not exactly flock, and other professional men. We are careful not to admit anyone of doubtful position or respectability."

"Are education and appearance the only requirements for eligibility for your register, or do the pseudo-guests have to be able to sing and entertain generally?"

"—Oh dear no. We only want them to be gentlemanly in looks, manners and address. Entertainers are quite another branch of my business. I supply people who do the Corney Grain business, from any price up to ten guineas; but my guests may sing or not at their option."

"I should like a chat with one of those guests. Will you arrange it?"

"Certainly. I'll send one to see you."

A TALK WITH A HIRED GUEST.

When he came I knew he was a professional guest before he mentioned the name of Whiteley. He was rather too well-groomed and too spick and span altogether to give one the idea of being really well-dressed, and his moustache was waxed out abominably. Otherwise he was a good-looking man of six or seven-and-thirty, studiously well-mannered and, indeed, inclined to be ceremoniously so. But he proved to be a sensible, interesting man, comparing very favourably with the average man one finds oneself rubbing elbows against at dinner. Stipulating only that names, especially his own, should not be made public, he was quite ready to gossip about his evening engagements.

"I mean to say," he remarked, "that Mr. Whiteley hit upon an excellent and a commendable scheme when he commenced to find guests for those who might require them. Here am I, a man with a public school education, who has travelled extensively, who has kept himself well-informed, and who has read largely; why the deuce shouldn't I take a vacant seat at a West-end table, or participate in the fun of a rout? I am

an insurance agent by day, and, being a bachelor, I find it very congenial occupation of an evening to join in whatever gaiety offers by reason of the inclusion



MR. WILLIAM WHITELEY

of my name on the Westbourne Grove register. I've had some of the jolliest times imaginable in that way, and between you and me I am coming to be a tolerably fair judge of a good dinner."

"Don't you feel isolated, not knowing your fellow guests?"—"Never. If it's a small gathering, the people of the house for their own sakes take good care to brief me about who I am and who the others are; and, if it's a large party, I am not the only person present who is in the midst of strangers. Many a genuine guest knows very little more about his host and hostess than I do. But, speaking of being posted up in the affairs of the *ménage*, I have been the distant relative of some dozens of folk whose names you'll find in the Blue Book, and I have had to play my rôle not only at the particular functions at which I have been engaged, but in the outer world once or twice. For instance, in the Park once, I met some people who had been fellow guests with me at a small dinner an evening or two before, and to my consternation they came up and stopped to talk. It was with difficulty that I recollected exactly who I

had been and what I had said on the occasion of our introduction, and I had to play for safety with ambiguous chatter for a minute or two, until I recovered my bearings."



THE HIRED GUEST

"Were you ever fairly stumped in conversation?"

"Never quite; but once dreadfully near it. Two people at a dance were talking to me about a child, whom

they spoke of as Violet. I asked some small question about Violet, to keep the ball rolling, and their eyes opened in astonishment. 'Why,' they exclaimed, 'Mrs. — (mentioning our hostess) said you were out riding with her this morning!' 'Oh, Violet! Yes,' I answered, hurriedly, 'I was thinking of another Violet — Violet Perkins.' But I didn't breathe freely until they moved along, all the same."

"Have you ever had an adventure at one of these functions?"

"No, nothing in particular. Thought I was going to once, though. The daughter of the house made desperate and open love to me. I was placed in a predicament. I knew the girl was perfectly aware who I was, and that being so I was inclined to see the thing through, for she was a most charming girl. Then I reflected that it wouldn't be fair to Whiteley's to involve them in trouble with the girl's mother, who would be bound to blame me. However, I was only human, and when Miss Gertrude asked me to sit out dance after dance in the conservatory I took it on like a bird, as Herbert Spencer would say. All the time there was a handsome young fellow keeping near at hand, throwing the blackest of looks at me. I didn't care a red cent about him and his jealousy while I had those violet eyes to gaze into and that merry little laugh to hear—and then, suddenly, this youth with the thunder in his face came and spoke to the girl, and they went off together, cutting me as dead as a dodo. She had been playing me off against her lover during one of their little quarrels, and the reconciliation having arrived she had no further use for me. I was chagrined at the time, but it was just as well. I've worked an insurance policy on the lives of both of them since then."





ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

THE PURSUIT OF CLOTILDE.

IT was about a week before Christmas, and I had gone round to Smurthwaite's rather late in the evening.

We had not met for some days, and I was going away for a few days of country life. I found him making ready for a similar departure.

"Do you go to your own people?" he asked, when I had explained that I come to let him know I was going out of London.

"Yes," I said. "I've had to spend Christmas in all sorts of places before now. But somehow I have never seemed to be doing the correct thing except when I was at home. Perhaps I can't get away from the influence of much Dickens, read when I was young."

"You may be right," replied Smurthwaite. "Did I ever tell you of my Christmas abroad?"

"No," I said, "but you will before I leave you. I suppose it is another story of the days when you were a really active lawyer?"

"To tell the truth," said Smurthwaite, "the story began when I was only just out of my articles. I was lodging in a Kennington lodging-house, very near the top. My one passion at this period of my life was for music, and this, you may say, is the cause of my connection with the story I am to tell. Lodging in the same house was a German singer, one Baumgarten, who was more or less connected with matters theatrical and

operatic. He had managed tours I believe, but was not altogether a success in life.

"His wife was French, a woman of no very salient characteristics, and he had two or three little boys and a daughter, Clotilde, who was then about seventeen and a very pretty girl indeed. She sang rather well and was fond of music, but her voice, despite her father's calling, had not been very well trained. Gradually, because of the musical tastes we had in common, I became acquainted with the family, and used to spend a good many of my evenings with them. I had a decent voice, and so was by no means a listener only. Clotilde and I were excellent friends—such friends that, somehow, we never thought of falling in love with one another.

"This went on for a considerable time, but I had not yet started practising on my own account, when Baumgarten *père* got an appointment as *impresario* in connection with some operatic tours on the Continent. He had never been particularly fond of his wife. In the course of time he settled over there and his family saw no more of him. Yet, for some reason or other, he was still greatly interested in his daughter. I was only about six-and-twenty when he wrote and got me to consent to become her legal guardian.

"For a time the guardianship counted for very little. Then one day her mother



"SHE CAME ON AND SANG A BALLAD"

came to call upon me in a state of great distress. Clotilde had grown tired of doing nothing and gone on the music-hall stage. She had kept her own counsel and the mother did not know the hall at which her daughter was appearing. But she wanted me to find out and exert my authority. Now, it did not appear to me that my authority counted for much, and I told her so candidly. Nevertheless, I set forth that evening on a tour of the music-halls, and at one of them found Clotilde.

"She came on in a pretty and quite modest frock and sang a ballad—the sort of thing she had often sang of an evening in those Kensington apartments—towards the end of the show, when the house began to get empty and the audience inattentive. I thought she did it rather well, but, managing an interview afterwards, I proceeded to exert my 'authority'—with what result you will, perhaps, be able to imagine. At any rate, the lady still continued to appear at the halls.

"From ballads she presently got to ballet, and for some considerable time appeared as King of the Fairies in the lightest costume imaginable at one of the biggest of the halls. At times I had opportunities of putting small hindrances in her way; but they were all ineffectual, and, to be frank, there was a considerable interval during which I saw practically nothing more of her than her name upon the hoardings or in the newspapers. Illustrated papers had not then begun to take an interest in the stars of the music-hall, and so her press-cuttings can hardly have been worth subscribing to Romeike's for.

"However, the affair grew more interesting presently. She came to my office one day, accompanied by her mother, and a little beetle-browed, sallow-faced, black-haired foreigner, who was said to have qualified as a lawyer in Holland. Clotilde desired me, as her guardian, to give permission for her marrying the gentleman.

"The suitor for her hand knew not a word of English, but I happened to be pretty apt at German, and so proceeded to cross-examine him as to his means and his intentions. His intentions were numberless as they were excellent; his means were disproportionately small. I pointed out that it would be as well if he were to wait until the two were more

on an equality before thinking of matrimony. Thereupon he proceeded to sulk, casting angry glances both at me and at Mrs. Baumgarten, while Clotilde entreated me—dropping very naturally into the English to which we were accustomed—to give my consent to the match.

"For a time I was obdurate; but, seeing that they were set upon it, and knowing that my own powers of interference in the matter were exceedingly limited, I told Clotilde presently that she would be a fool if she persisted in the affair, but that if she chose to go on I should take no steps to prevent her. The mother was in despair, but Clotilde went off with her sullen brute of a suitor, and from that time I saw nothing of her for a couple of years, or more. I forget whether I learned at once, or only after an interval, that the couple had disappeared together, and that there was no sufficient reason for supposing they had gone through any form of matrimony.

"After this there came, as I have said, another interval, and I presently began to think that the whole thing was ended so far as I, personally, was concerned. A letter which I received somewhere more than two years afterwards, however, showed me I had been mistaken. Briefly, old Baumgarten wrote to tell me that his brother had died, leaving to him for life a fortune of some £50,000, with reversion to his children at his death. He had written to his wife, and heard from her that she knew nothing of Clotilde's whereabouts, and now he appealed to me to help him to find her. Indeed, it was more than that: his part in the affair was simply that he forwarded me a sum of £100 for preliminary expenses.

"Christmas was drawing near, and the winter had been even more trying than the London winter is usually. This new piece of business seemed no less than a nuisance. However, I retained most vivid memories of the horrible little person with whom Clotilde had gone away, and very quickly resolved to do all I could to save her from him. Her mother, whom I interviewed forthwith, knew nothing, save that a day or two after her disappearance she had written from Rotterdam to tell of her safe arrival there. 'Are you going in search of her yourself, Mr. Smurthwaite?' she asked.

"Now, I had intended to employ a detective, but I was so run down that I needed a holiday, and Mrs. Baumgarten's suggestion at once commended it to my fancy. 'I think I will,' I answered without hesitation, and the next evening, having made all necessary arrangements with my managing clerk, I started for Rotterdam.

"You will imagine that I did not expect to find traces of Clotilde very easily. It was my old love of music which put me on the track at last. For in Rotterdam I fell in with certain members of a touring operatic company. They sang in Dutch, a language of which I am altogether innocent; but it occurred to me, and they agreed, that I should do all right in the choruses, and so I joined them. We went from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, thence to the Hague and Scheveningen, and so to Rotterdam again. I believe my companions fancied from my questions as to Clotilde that I was an ancient lover seeking her out. I let them think so, and gradually gathered the information I needed by interrogating divers people connected with the music-hall stage to whom they introduced me. In the meantime I came on night after night with long hair, crowned with laurels, and wearing a sort of scalloped night-gown, to sing in the chorus of operas every word of which was Greek to me.

"Presently, in consequence of my having obtained a clue from my new friends of the music-hall fraternity, I posted off to Berlin. There I set forth on a tour of the *tingl'-tangl's* and *café*

concerts, and using the knowledge I had gained during my brief stage experience, discovered very quickly that she was still singing in music-halls under her own name. I found also that she had left Berlin on a tour. It was suggested that I might possibly find her at Breslau.

"At Breslau I found the *tingl'-tangl'* at which she had been playing only the week before. I spent my Christmas

Day there, and ate the inevitable turkey stuffed with flour and raisins and other such incongruous ingredients. Then I travelled on to Vienna, where I arrived early on the morning of the Sunday after Christmas Day.

"I had my breakfast, and visited a sort of glorified Turkish bath. Then I commenced a tour of the various *tingl'-tangl's*, and after three or four unsuccessful efforts I saw her name, Clotilde Baumgarten, printed in great red letters on the placard outside a *tingl'-tangl'* rejoicing in the name of the *Orpheum*. I entered and made enquiries. In a few minutes I was at the address which had been given me.

"Clotilde was living in two small rooms on the fourth floor, a small visit-

ing card with her name on it pinned to the door. I knocked at the door and an old woman showed me in to where the object of my quest was sitting engaged in repairing some prettily coloured stage dress. The little brute with whom she had gone off lounged *en déshabille*, and unshaven, on a sofa. I could see at once that he was living on her, as I had anticipated he would do, and I daresay I scowled at him as blackly as he did at me.



"A LITTLE BEETLE-BROWED FOREIGNER"

"'Good heavens!' cried Clotilde, glancing apprehensively at him, 'What on earth has brought you here?'"

"I knew that the man could not understand English, the tongue she had instinctively used in addressing me, and so of set purpose I replied in the same language:

"'I must find an opportunity to tell you that later on, and you must help me. In the meantime let it suffice that I happened to be in Vienna, saw your name upon a placard, discovered your address, and came at once to renew an old acquaintance.'

"Her master began to mutter barbarously, and Clotilde turned and explained to him the purport of the last

appear that what I had said was some commonplace. 'But for Heaven's sake be careful. Even if you had nothing of the kind to say you would run a tremendous risk.'

"The rest of the day was one continual effort on our part to get a chance of consulting, continually thwarted by the infernal cleverness of the Dutchman. I took them for a drive, and as I sat at Clotilde's side, he facing us with the same look of sullen suspicion, I told her more of the details of my errand and explained that I was perfectly reckless (as indeed I was in my hatred of that little black-haired scoundrel) and willing to take any risks that might be necessary, so only I could get her away from him.



"SHE WAS REPAIRING SOME PRETTILY COLOURED STAGE DRESS"

half of my speech. Then, giving me an imploring glance, she began to talk the commonplaces which would have been proper to the occasion had my visit been the mere conventional call it purported to be. We conversed mostly in English, and the husband watched us with an ill-concealed suspicion.

"'The fact is,' I said presently, losing all patience, 'I want you to leave this man. Your uncle has died, your father is a rich man while he lives, and you, when he is dead, will be worth, at least, £10,000. He wants you to come away, have your voice properly trained, and then, if it seems worth while, go on the stage in grand opera.'

"'You must find a time to talk it over,' said Clotilde, trying hard to make it

She upon her side was pitifully eager to escape and no less pitifully fearful of the attempt. 'I will come if you compel me,' she said, 'but you don't know the danger you run, even now. You may be knifed at any moment.'

"We returned to the *tingl'-tangl'* to lunch—a clause in the agreements compelled the artists to take all their meals there—and there she made an attempt to escape from the espionage of her master for a space, asking him to go and fetch something from their rooms. His answer showed his attitude with brutal frankness:—'Do you take me for a fool?' he asked, bluntly. 'We'll all go together.' We went. Clotilde and I stood at the door while he fetched what she required, and you may judge how set upon

rescuing her I was when I tell you I was almost irresistibly tempted to lock the door upon him and bolt before he could call assistance.

"In the afternoon it was the same, and in the evening he still watched suspiciously. During the performance I occupied the stage box. Imagine my surprise when I heard the door open and two men enter, talking with the purest Drury Lane accent I have heard in all my days. I turned and recognised the two new comers: a pair of acrobats whose show I had been watching half-an-hour earlier. They were congratulating one another upon the fact that the morrow would see them on the way back to England — and London was the whole of England to them. They had gone from engagement to engagement on the Continent during three years, and they were heartily sick of all foreign people and their ways. It struck me that I had chanced upon confederates, and I put the

matter to them with the utmost frankness. When I ceased speaking I knew at once that I had failed again.

"There's no doubt you'd be doing an action any man might be proud of, guv'nor," said the elder of the twain: they had called themselves 'Brothers' so long that the elder had come to exercise an elder brother's authority. 'The man isn't worth his weight in good guano, though he's only fit to manure the fields with. He lives on what she earns, and

treats her cruel bad. But, the fact is, we are sick of these here foreign countries. We want to get home, and the little brute is uncommon handy with the knife. No offence to you, guv'nor, and here's hoping you may succeed. But we must stand out of it.' He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. 'Lord, to think that in two days a man'll be able to get a pint of good old four-alf instead

of this stuff: swipes, I call it.' Upon my soul, he spoke with such an air of longing for the home country that I had not the heart to be the least bit vexed at his refusal to co-operate.

"I stopped on until the end of the show — which arrived at an hour when the very gayest of Londoners are all asleep. All the night I was getting an occasional word with Clotilde, but always under the jealous eyes of the man who was her master. Supper came at last—supper for the artists—and I, as guest, sat at the head of the table. Another privilege, which for the same reason fell



"I WALKED AT CLOTILDE'S SIDE"

to my lot, was that of paying for divers things. Presently there entered a man who wanted us to go in for a mild—a very mild—gamble for oranges. I tried my luck and found it magnificent. For a matter of six kreuzers I won oranges enough to supply the company. But the man still watched me jealously, and I fancied that some of the others had an inkling of what was afoot, and watched me with that sort of interest which is inspired by the sight of a man who

plays a game which may cost him his life.

"Presently the supper was ended, and we quitted the hall. I walked at Clotilde's side.

"Come now," I said, "come at any time you like to my hotel and we will drive out to an intermediate station and so escape him."

"Her voice was pitiful. 'If you insist I'll come. But do be careful. He suspects worse things than you intend, and he is quick with the knife. We shall both be stabbed. But be ready and I will come.'

"With that I had perforce to be content and, returning to my hotel, I waited wide awake until the morning. She did not come. I took a bath and breakfasted. Then I went off to call at her apartments again, for I had formed a wild plan whereby she was to be arrested on a false charge of stealing my ring or

my watch, and liberated as soon as the little Dutchman was safely out of the way.

"I mounted the stairs, and did not need to knock at the fourth-floor door. I knew that I was beaten, for the card which had announced the names of the lodgers was gone, and I hardly needed to enquire of the *concière* to know that Clotilde had been carried off by the man who had thwarted me all the previous day. My chase had ended without result, and I returned to England."

By this time Smurthwaite's tumbler was empty. As he refilled it I spoke. "But is that all?"

"So far as I am concerned it is the end of the story," said the lawyer. "I know nothing more of the fate of Clotilde. Did I not tell you that the true story never has an end?"

And once again I sat rebuked and silent.





*I saw three ships come sailing in,
Come sailing in, come sailing in—
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

O jolly sailors, now whence come ye,
And what may the names of your Captains be?

"My Captain sails from the Lowlands low,"

"And mine from the Islands where poppies grow."

"My Captain's sailed for a year and a day
From a land still further than these away."

"My Captain's clad i' the scarlet red."

"My gallant Captain gives drowsihead."

"My Captain's clad all in cramasie,"

"And mine bears a sword beside his knee."

"My Captain," the third man smiling said,

"Has tattered cloak and a crownéd head."



The first ship was black from stern to mast,
The second scarlet from first to last:

On the third tall vessel the sails were gray,
And a wind sighed in them night and day.

On the first ship's deck there was empty graith,
And on her banner was broidered "Death."

The second flag was of goldwork deep,
And bore a legend in silver, "Sleep."

The third was woven of women's hair,
And "Christ" was the legend that it bare.

I bent my knee and I bared my head,
"Get thee behind me, Death," I said.

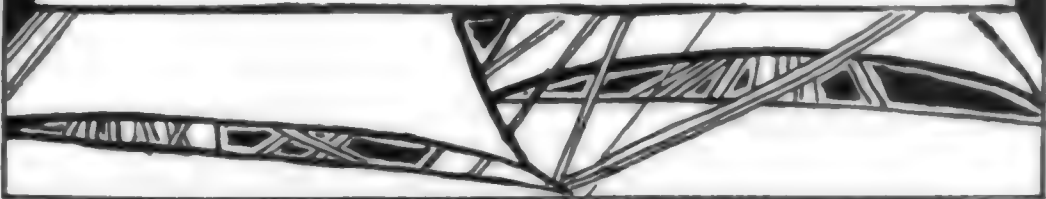
"Furl up thy sails and from harbour keep;
I will ha' none of thee, Messer Sleep."

I bared my head and I bent my knee
"Christ my Captain, come down to me!"

Death and Sleep they sailed west away,
Eastward vanished the sails o' gray,
And bells rang out for the Christmas Day.

*I saw three ships come sailing in,
Come sailing in, come sailing in—
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

NORA HOPPER.





WRITTEN BY H. D. LOWRY. ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES ROBINSON

THIS is one of the secrets Doris confided to the Visitor during the time of his sojourning down here. It need not have been a secret at all, but for the foolish incredulity of Ellen, who laughed at the story when it first was told her, and was manifestly insincere when, afterwards, she professed to be convinced of its truth. Doris did not really care, knowing that the evidence she possessed made her position unassailable. But she is unaccustomed to ridicule, and so a beautiful story became a secret.

You must know, to begin with, that Doris's father is a painter, and that he delights above all things in making portraits of his daughter. Moreover, as is only natural, these pictures, which give him such great pleasure in the painting, are no whit less to the taste of those for whom he works. And so Doris can hardly remember the time when she was not accustomed to sit for him.

"What a jolly dog yours is, Doris," said the Visitor one morning in the garden. "What do you call him?"

"I call him Christmas," said Doris.

"Did you get him given to you at Christmas?"

"Yes. At least——" Doris paused and looked at her companion rather

critically. "Would you like to hear another of my secrets?"

"Of course, I should," said the Visitor, and the story followed without further delay.

Last Christmas Eve, Doris was sent to bed at an unreasonably early hour. As a matter of fact, she always is; but, knowing her parents have the best intentions in the world, she usually goes quietly, after having made a merely formal protest. She did so on the occasion in question, but, having got into bed, she found it more than usually difficult to get to sleep, since she was greatly troubled with many grave cares. Of course, you do, generally speaking, get pretty well what you want (if you have duly announced your wants) at Christmas time. But it is not always so, and the things which Doris desired were so beautiful, and she desired them so much, that she was more than a little afraid she would never get them. Some, at least, she thought, would surely be missing; and her need of each was so great that she felt certain the absence of a single one would be a disappointment making imperfect her pleasure in the rest.

There had been carol-singing in the village ever since the dark evenings began, and Doris had learned many of

the Christmas songs most loved among the people. Being abed, she saw that to sleep would be the best way of passing the long hours which must elapse before the morning. And so, to quell distracting thoughts, she sang these carols softly to herself. Her cares still troubled her, however, and at last she bowed to the inevitable, ceased her singing and let herself think of them. Curiously enough, it was then she fell asleep. On that point she and Ellen are agreed: she certainly fell asleep.

But in the middle of the night she must have arisen and wandered a long way, for when she became conscious of what was going on around her she was in a place she never had visited before. Another child might have been frightened, but the place in which she found herself was a studio, and in front of her was an artist engaged upon a half-finished portrait of herself. It was all so very natural she was hardly surprised, and before she had time to wonder how she had managed to forget the way in which she got there the artist turned on her the pleasantest face that she had ever seen.

"Getting tired?" he asked. "I shan't keep you more than another ten minutes."

"I'm not at all tired," said Doris. "I don't seem to have been here more than a minute."

The artist laughed softly, and Doris liked him better than ever. "Yes," he said, "I do paint quickly, don't I? But then you are a capital sitter. Had much practice?"

"Lots!" said Doris, emphatically. "I am always sitting. I——"

"You don't like sitting?"

"Yes," she answered, but in a voice that told him that her answer would have been "No," but for her desire to spare the feelings of a comparative stranger. "But I don't think sixpence an hour is enough."

"Perhaps it isn't very much," said the painter. "And you are such an excellent sitter."

He began to work again, and once more the child was amazed at his rapidity. "Fond of singing?" he asked, pleasantly, without glancing in her direction.

"I'm going to have a really good soprano one of these days," said Doris. "At present I can't sing very loudly, but that's rather lucky, for I sing to myself a good deal when they make me go to bed.

I was singing to-night . . ." She paused, for the daylight was streaming in through the skylight, and she was not very certain about the time. "I was singing last time I went to bed," she continued, "to keep myself from thinking."

"Ah," cried the painter, "you've found it a good thing for that, have you? I find there's no plan like it. Now if you would sing me one of your carols I should paint the quicker, and you would forget that you were sitting." Doris began to sing at once. A thing which puzzles her to this day is that the song she sang was not one of the carols that were being sung in the village. The words and the music both seemed quite new to her, although she knew them perfectly, and to this day she cannot remember where and how she learned them:

*Lady Mary, in your bower
Why weep ye sadly?
Tall and white your lilies flower,
All birds sing gladly.
Mary, Lady Mary,
What sorrow bear ye?*

*'Tis the Child that shall be born
(Foolish thou, who questioneth),
'Tis the crown of cruel thorn,
And the sure-appointed death.*

*Mary, Mother, left alone,
Why go ye gladly?
Wherefore make ye not your moan,
Weeping most sadly?
Mary, Mother Mary,
What comfort bear ye?*

The painter worked while she was singing and the child marvelled at the swiftness with which the picture progressed. When she found that she did not remember any more of that strange new song she broke into speech. "It is almost like stepping in front of a looking-glass," she said.

"What is," asked the painter.

"Being painted by you," said Doris, and the painter laughed again very pleasantly.

"I do work rather quickly, don't I? You see, I have such a lot to get through."

"Do you paint many pictures?" asked Doris.

"Whole galleries full," said the stranger, who had by this time become her friend. "I am at it all the time, and I paint all kinds of pictures: this sort of thing, and landscapes and castles—lovely, strong castles that

never fall into ruins and never get deserted, and all sorts of things. . . . I say, I wish you'd sing me another song."

Doris sang again, and still the artist painted. Presently he had finished. He looked almost idly at his picture while Doris went through the last verse of her song. When it was ended he spoke:

"You see, I've finished."

Doris darted across the room and stood looking at the picture, almost as if she had really been looking into a mirror. She was accustomed to be painted skilfully, but the celerity of this stranger left her absolutely amazed.

"You might almost be a photographer," she said.

"Well," said the artist, with a little air of being embarrassed by her flattery, "I suppose I am almost as quick. . . . By-the-bye, Doris, is there anything you want very badly?"

"Presents?" asked Doris.

"Yes," said the artist.

"I can't tell you how many things I want, and I want them all badly. It's like a box of building bricks: if one were away the others would be of little good."

"Do you expect to get them?" asked the stranger.

"Well," said Doris, confidentially, "I don't know. I generally get what I want when Christmas comes if I have told them, and of course I have done that. But, then, I have never before wanted such nice things, or so many."

The painter began to fumble among his brushes.

"For example," he said, "what do you want most of all?"

Doris meditated.

"There's a red leather music-case," she said. "I should like it to carry when I go to my music lessons."

"Ah," said the painter, "we will see what we can do. I don't think the picture is quite finished, after all. Suppose you sit for a few minutes longer? Do you mind?"

He found his favourite brush and began to paint into the picture such a music-case as Doris had described. She watched it growing on the canvas, and as it grew more and more like the object of her desire she began to envy her pictured self. Presently the artist had finished and turned to speak.

"Is that the sort of thing you——?"

But he had no time to complete the sentence. Doris uttered a little cry of joyful surprise.

"Look!" she cried.

By some strange piece of magic she was holding the red morocco case which the artist had imaged in his picture of her. It was the very thing she had been wishing for.

"Did you put it into my hand?" she asked. "You must be a better conjurer than the one we saw last Christmas."

The artist laughed his pleasant laugh.

"But I thought that one of the things you wanted would be of no use unless you had all the others as well?"

Doris remembered. What he had said was true, but she had been so delighted with the music-case for a moment that it was a grief to be reminded of the fact.

"Yes," she said, "it is true. There was a top I saw: a top which went on spinning for ever so long, and made the loveliest sort of music all the time."

"This kind of thing?" asked the painter, going back to his canvas. In a very few moments she began to see that he understood what she meant, for the top he painted into the picture was the exact likeness of the one she wanted.

"Yes," she cried, "that is what I mean." And then, while he added the finishing touches to the painting, she grew silent and listened. It seemed to her that she could hear, now that his painting of the humming-top was almost complete, the sound of its wonderful music. Of course she understood now that this man was a magic painter—probably a fairy, though he might have been an angel—but still the music puzzled her. And so she uttered a cry almost of fright when a very beautiful top, which for some few minutes past had been spinning musically on the floor beside her, ran down, and rolled under her chair noisily.

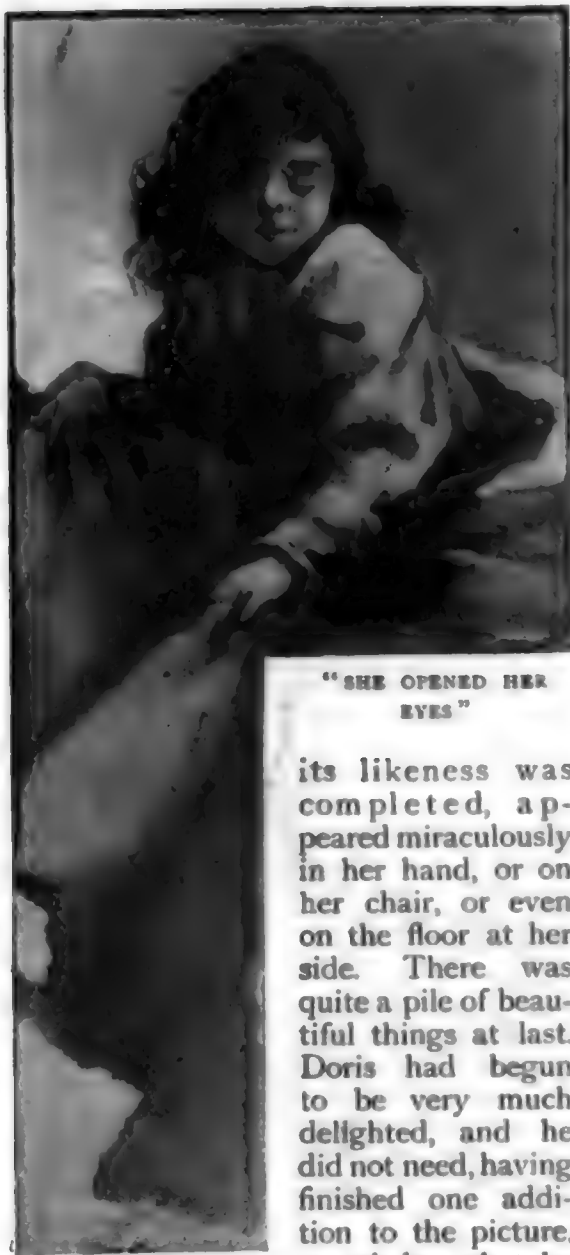
"It's you again!" she said. "I wish you would come to my party."

"Oh," answered the painter. "I think it's both of us together. But you may as well tell me the other things, mayn't you?"

"If you don't mind," said Doris, and one after another she told him what were the presents she had been desiring. One by one he added them to the portrait he had painted of her, and each, as



"SHE FOUND HERSELF IN A STUDIO."



"SHE OPENED HER EYES"

its likeness was completed, appeared miraculously in her hand, or on her chair, or even on the floor at her side. There was quite a pile of beautiful things at last. Doris had begun to be very much delighted, and he did not need, having finished one addition to the picture,

to ask her what he should paint next. She told him. But at last she had nothing to say, although it was easy to see that there was something lacking.

"Is that all, then?" asked the painter, turning with brush in hand. "It doesn't seem many."

"No," said Doris, "there is another. But——"

"But what?" demanded the painter, when she paused again.

"It's a dog, I want," she said. "I'm sure you can't do that."

"You see," said the painter, and in a few moments the loveliest long-haired Skye-terrier in the world began to appear on the canvas.

Doris was delighted. "How did you know that the dog was to be one of that kind?"

"Was it?" said the painter. "I sup-

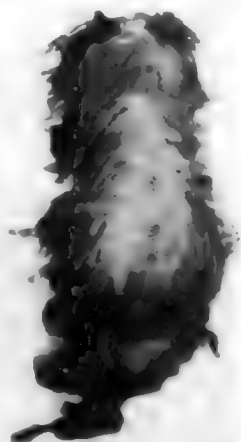
pose I must have guessed. You know, I'm rather good at guessing. It isn't a bad dog, is it?"

Doris did not answer. The picture of the dog was almost finished, and she was wondering how the real animal would make its appearance. The stranger painted on, making it lovelier and lovelier every moment; and suddenly there was a dog on Doris's lap, jumping up to lick her face and barking as a dog only can bark when it has found its dear mistress at last after being lost a long while. And as Doris tried to quiet it, so that she might thank the painter, she suddenly opened her eyes and found herself in bed.

How she got there she could never tell, for she had brought all her presents with her, and the dog was on her bed, barking and kissing her face as it had been doing when the painter and his studio disappeared. In a moment Doris was out of bed, and going, the dog at her side, to her father's and mother's room. Curiously enough, although the morning was full early, her father was not asleep. On the contrary he was standing half-dressed at the bedside. He turned as Doris entered. "Hullo, Doris!" he said: "Are you awake so early?" Then the dog dashed forward as if to make his acquaintance. "Why, you've got a dog!" he said. "Where have you gone wandering in the night?"

Doris did not know, and although her father described to her the personal appearance of every artist that he knew of dwelling within a radius of twenty miles, he still hit on no one who bore the least resemblance to the man to whom she had been sitting. "Perhaps he's a new man," he said. "If so he's pretty sure to call round one of these days. By the way, did you remember to thank him?"

"Of course I did," said Doris; "but the dog was jumping up and licking my face, and before I could quiet him I found myself in my bed. But all the things he painted on the picture were there upon my bed, and the dog was still barking and



"THE LOVELIEST SKYE-TERRIER"

licking my face. So it can't have been a dream."

"Of course not," said her father. Then his voice and his face changed together. "Why it is Christmas Day!" he said to Doris's mother. "Where are our presents for Doris?"

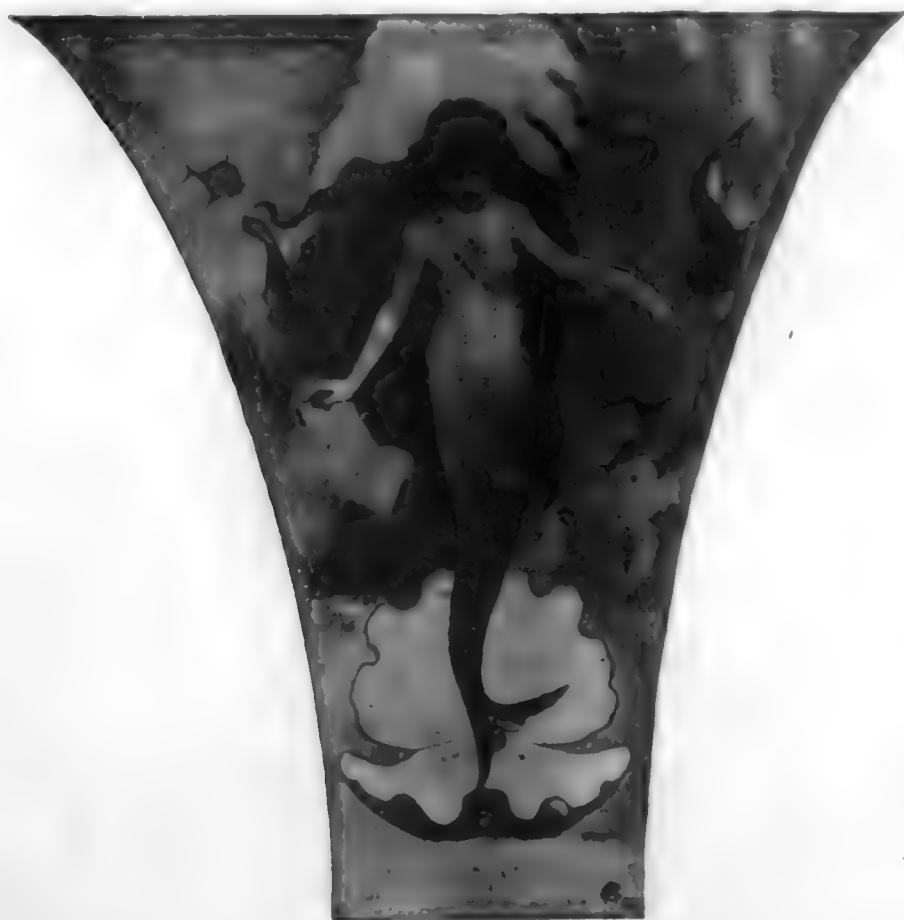
The mother had been very quiet while Doris was telling her story. Even now she did not speak at once. Then, "We must get her something nice when Christmas is over and the shops are open again," she said, not attempting to explain how it was she had forgotten the Day of which she had been talking not many minutes before Doris went to bed.

Doris was almost grieved. "To think you should forget! Still, it came all right, for the painter gave me everything

I wanted. . I don't believe there'll be anything left for you to give me but chocolates." Then she went back to her room, and in a few minutes was telling the story to Ellen, who came to dress her. Ellen, as you are aware, behaved unworthily; but it really didn't matter. Her foolish incredulity only made Doris fonder of the gifts of the Magic Painter, and everyone who has since been trusted with the secret of how they came to Doris has agreed that to say she dreamed the whole story would be to talk absurdly.

"You can't dream things and find them on your bed when you wake," said Doris to the Visitor.

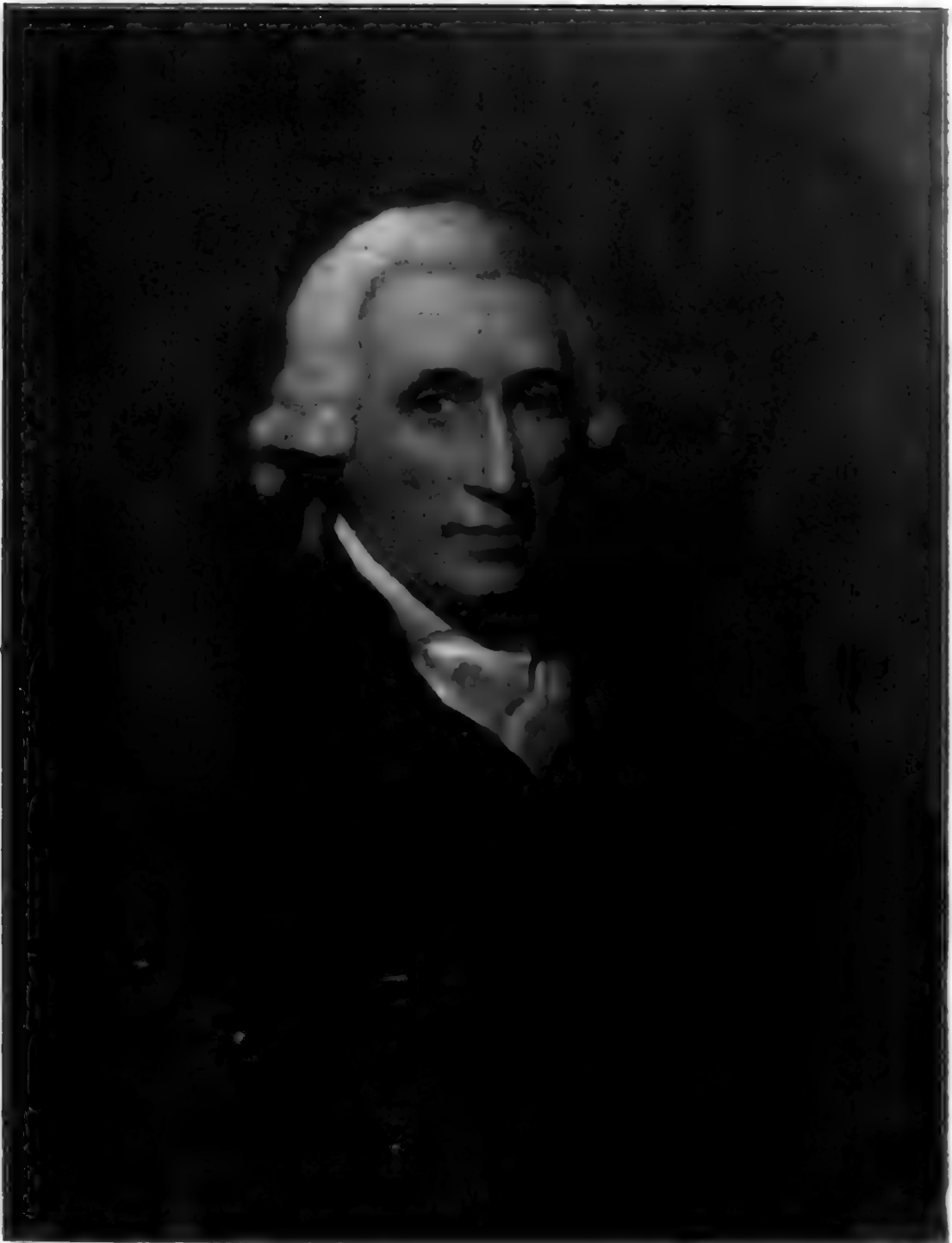
"I'm afraid not, Doris," said the Visitor. "And yet one goes on dreaming."



From Generation to Generation.

THE GLADSTONE FAMILY.

Mr. Gladstone informed the Editor of "The Ludgate" that he was much pleased with the impressions of the following reproductions of family portraits submitted for his inspection. The veteran statesman also offered certain suggestions as to the pictures, and these have been accepted as far as possible. To the Editor's



SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE

MR. GLADSTONE'S PATERNAL GRANDFATHER

regret the exigencies of time and space prevent him from adopting the right hon. gentleman's recommendation that the series should include a fine representation of Sir Thomas Gladstone, by Oulless, a drawing of Mr. Gladstone's brother, Captain Gladstone, by Richmond, and portraits of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Neville, Mrs. Gladstone's maternal grandparents, and of her beautiful sister Mary, Lady Lyttelton.

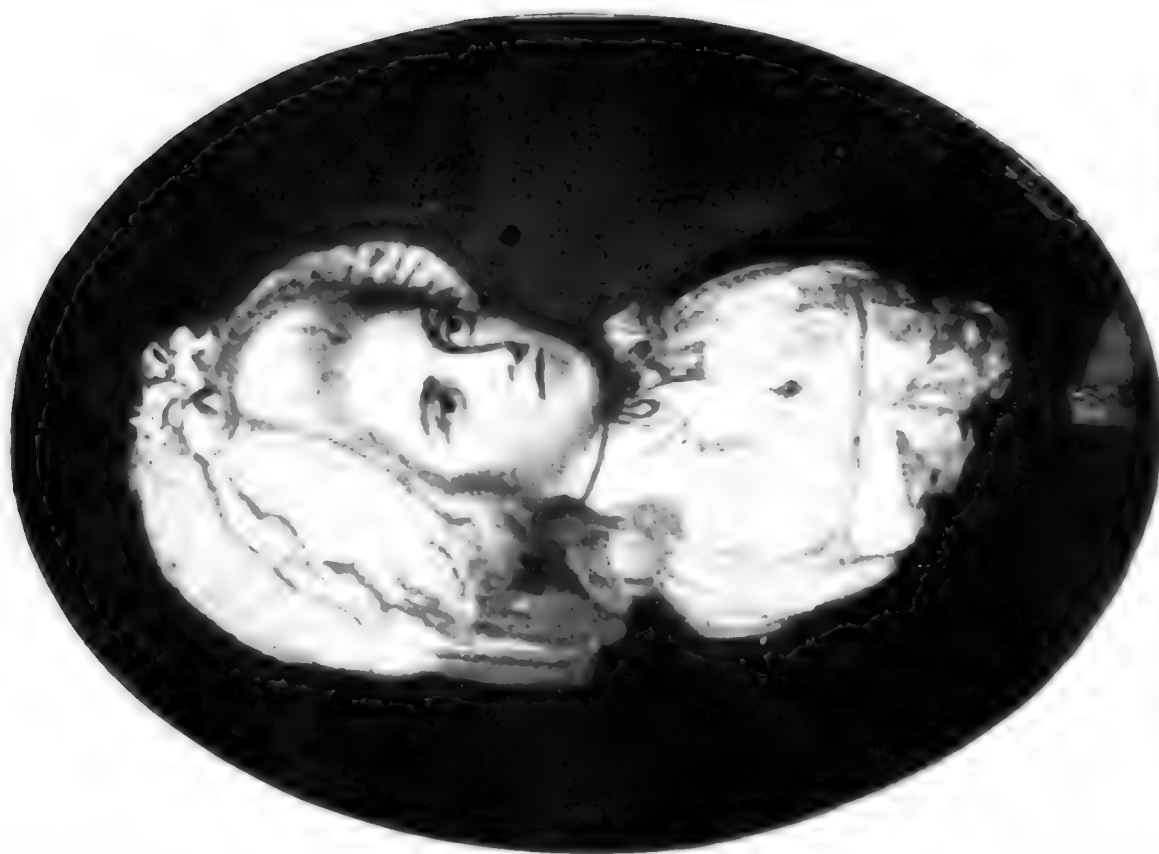


HELEN, WIFE OF SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE

MR. GLADSTONE'S PATERNAL GRANDMOTHER



MR. ANDREW ROBERTSON



MRS. ANDREW ROBERTSON







LADY GLENN

MISS MARY ANN GLENN



MISS GLENN

MISS MARY ANN GLENN



LADY GYNNÉ



SIR STEPHEN GYNNÉ



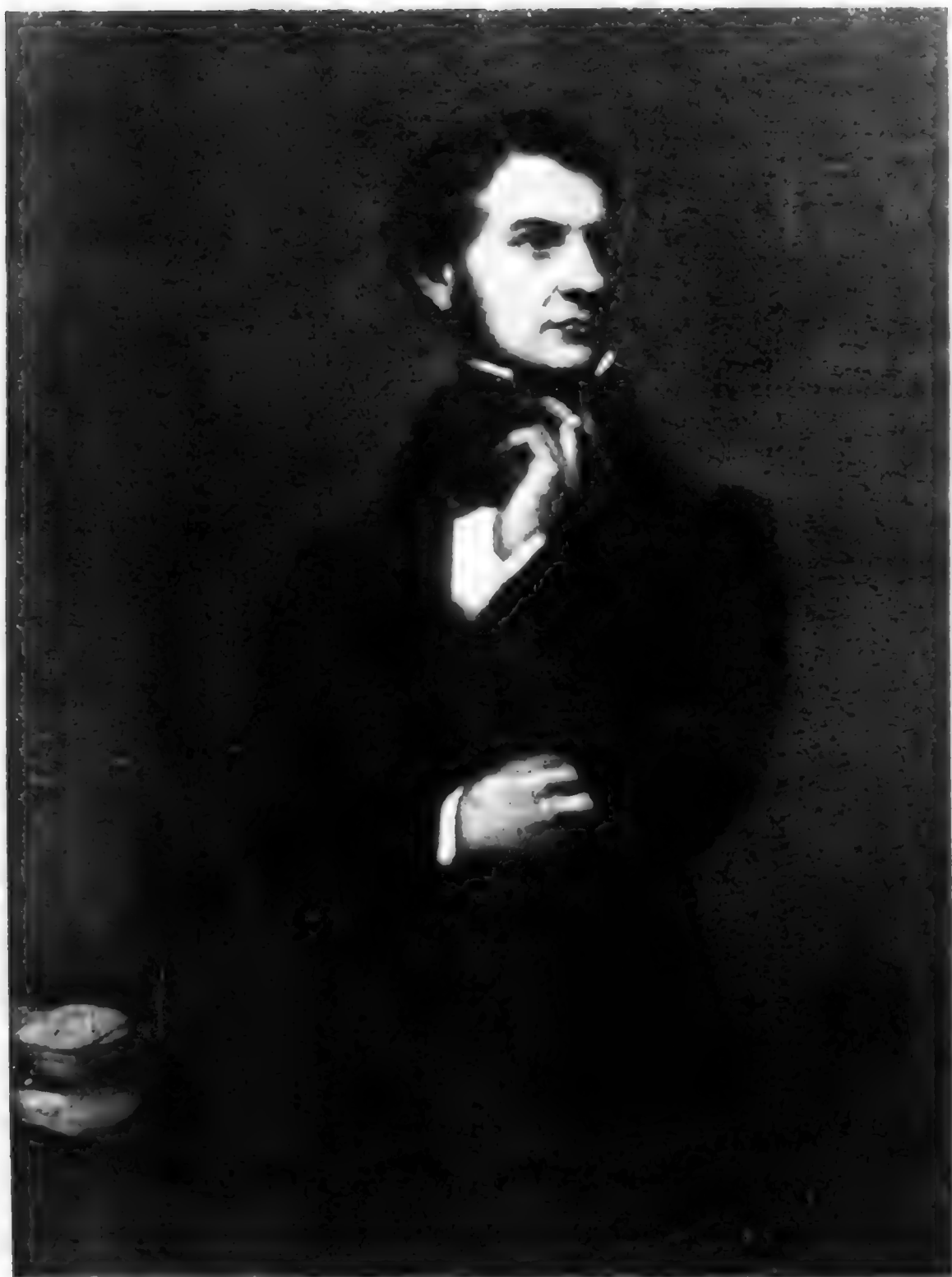
ANNE



MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS SISTER



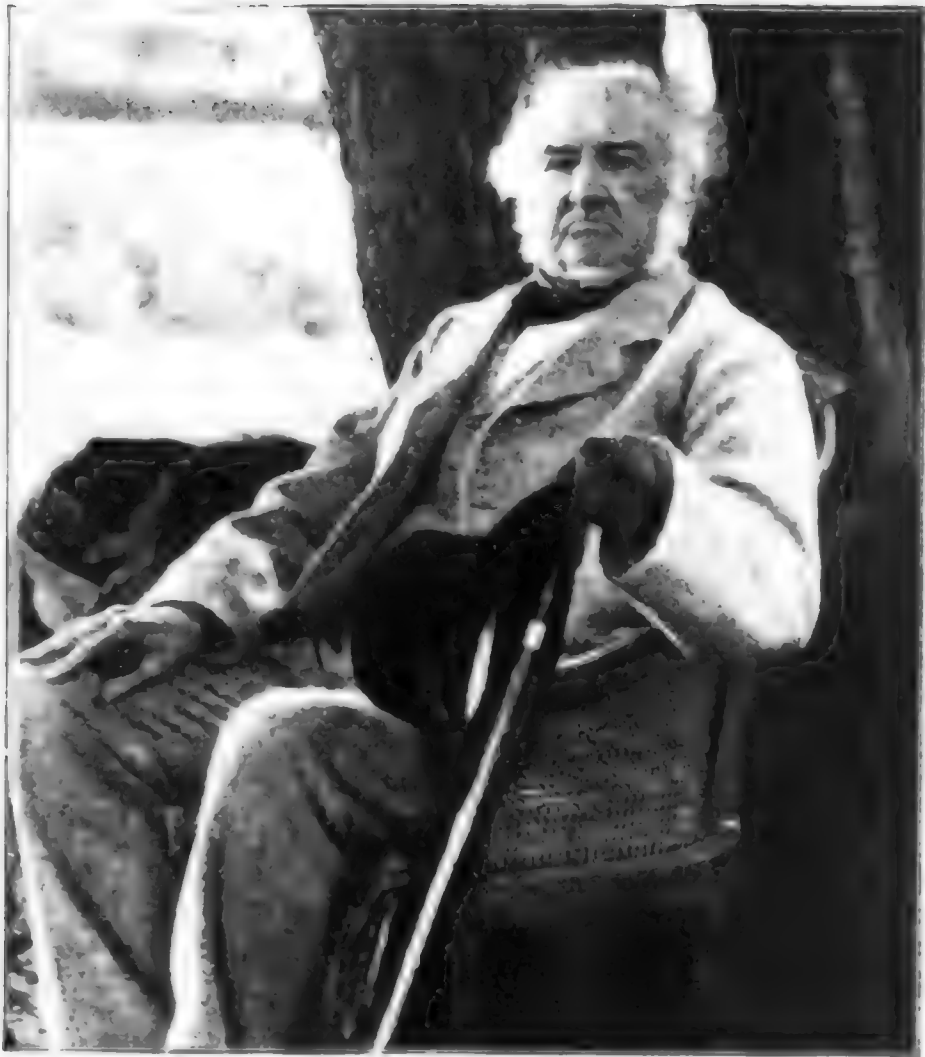
SIR STEPHEN LUSHINGTON



M. CHAUVIN



— G. A. STONE



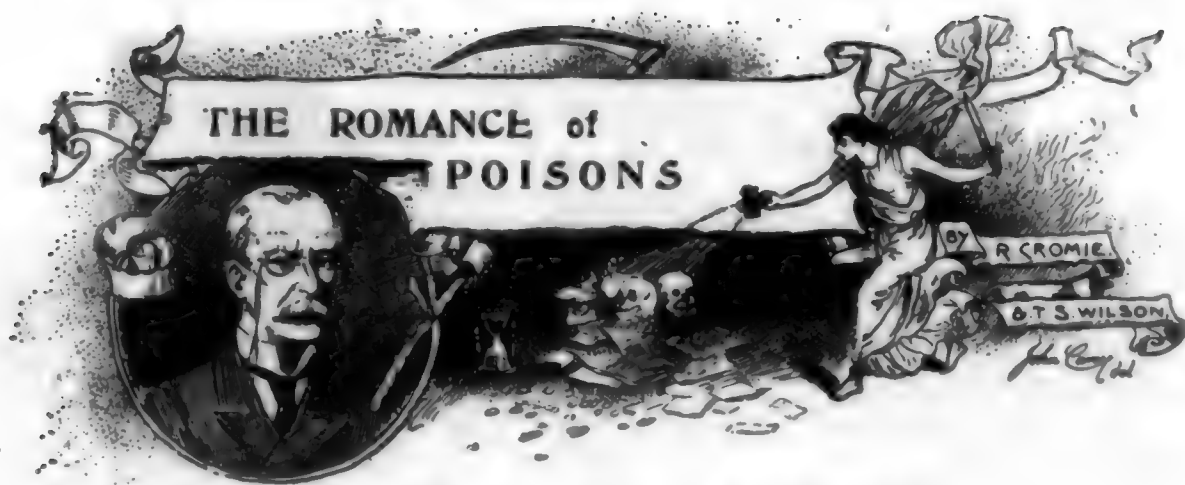
MR. GLADSTONE.

THE LUDGATE. THE LUDGATE. THE LUDGATE.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND MISS DOROTHY DREW.

THE LUDGATE. THE LUDGATE. THE LUDGATE.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. BACON

IN THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM.

THE North German liner *Kaiser Wilhelm III.*, built at Bremerhaven, was three days out on her maiden voyage to New York. Fine weather, for the depth of winter, had been experienced and the speed maintained proved that the vessel was a good one although "Made in Germany." The passenger list was large considering that the *Kaiser Wilhelm III.* had sailed on December 21st, not a popular date for leaving one's home, much less one's country. On Christmas Eve the celebrations on board were very enthusiastic, and here and there in quiet corners rather pathetic. The saloon was effectively decorated, and two Christmas trees had been creditably manufactured. But the excitement culminated when Captain Stein proposed "*Der Vaterland*," on which all loyal Germans shouted "Hoch!" and drank more champagne than was good for them.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford had not been prominent in the amusements of the voyage and the taciturn person who accompanied him in most of his deck rambles had been conspicuous by his absence. But on Christmas Eve all recalcitrants had been beaten up and every available man had been requisitioned to contribute something to the sum of the general happiness. After a dance on deck—the dancers well wrapped—had been successfully accomplished owing to the steadiness of the vessel, the motion of which was almost imperceptible, a concert was given in the Saloon. "*Stille Nacht heilige Nacht*" was well received, but by the time it was sung Hedford and his friend thought they had done enough in

the way of contributing their company to the audience, and so they slipped away quietly. They were making for the smoke-room when the Doctor met them with an invitation from the Captain to adjourn to his room. Captain Stein had only invited Hedford, but the Doctor could not well avoid including his friend, more especially as he had noticed the pair so constantly together. When they came on deck they found that a sudden change for the worse had taken place in the weather. The night, which had been very mild, was now bitterly cold. A fine snow was falling. The masts, ropes, boats and deck-houses were white. The whole vessel had been metamorphosed into a spectre ship gliding with even motion over a jet black sea. Captain Stein had already a guest when they entered his room. This man, a Hungarian named Andrassy, had, after a long residence in Chicago, become plain Anderson. He was a musical enthusiast, and a cultivator of the emotions generally. He was, therefore, a contrast to Hedford himself, and an exact antithesis to Hedford's friend. Anderson became eloquent after the whisky and cigars had passed round twice. He was in the middle of a long-winded homily about the children and their Christmas trees and their pretty little shoes, which would be filled with presents in the morning, when the Captain put in:

"I am glad the little ones had a good time this evening. They won't want much to eat to-morrow."

"Bad weather ahead?" Anderson asked with a trace of anxiety.

"Well—pretty bad. The glass has

been falling rapidly. We'll have a rough spell for a couple of days at any rate. That's why I put so much of to-morrow's programme into to-night's bill. We are more likely to be battered down to-morrow than dancing on deck, I can tell you."

Captain Stein spoke English with scarcely a trace of foreign accent, and he had also mastered the vernacular of our mariners, as many a lazy Briton who had sailed with him found out. Anderson crossed his legs uneasily. Hedford and his friend puffed leisurely at their cigars. The Doctor was equally placid.

"By the way," the Captain said to Hedford, "I did not quite catch your friend's name when you introduced him."

"Pardon me," Hedford replied, "Mr. —" then with a jerk—"Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith did not assist the conversation much. He was a wet blanket of the worst description. Stein vainly tried a few anecdotes, but they fell flat. Only one of the party—naturally, his own officer, the Doctor—was able to laugh at his famous joke. It had crossed the Atlantic many times.

"Come, come, Hedford," the Captain said at last. "This is Christmas Eve. Tell us a good story. You are a mine of anecdote and a prince of story tellers. Pass the decanter, and spin us a yarn."

"Tell them about Henrik Ibbetsen," said the silent Smith—whose other name was Trowbrigg. "That's a proper yarn for a Christmas Eve. Give 'em the shivers if they want 'em."

Hedford shook his head, but Smith's proposal was unanimously passed, the emotional man being very pressing. The Surgeon-Colonel gave way in consequence and prepared to commence his story. His preparation was somewhat curious. He first opened the cabin door and looked out. Then he locked it on the inside, and turning to his audience said seriously:

"Gentlemen, I must ask you upon your honour to keep secret what I am about to tell you."

They assured him that he might depend upon them, so he began immediately in a quiet impressive voice:

"It might do good to publish this story far and wide. On the other hand, its publication far or near might do incalculable injury to humanity——"

"That's a good start," the emotional man interjected, as he settled himself more comfortably in his seat.

"It's a cholera story——"

"I shall like this," the Doctor grunted,

cramming a handful of tobacco into the immense bowl of his meerschaum and lighting it hastily.

"I had got some credit," Hedford continued, "over a life assurance case



"HE FIRST OPENED THE CABIN DOOR AND LOOKED OUT"

which at the outset was supposed to require the assistance of a toxicological expert, and I had seen some cholera service in India, so when the dreadful epidemic broke out in Biedenburg I was not surprised to receive an urgent letter from an old friend of mine, Dr. Müller, then at the head of the Biedenburg Board of Health. I joined him at his own request and that of the Board of which he was an administrator. He had been winning golden opinions for his work ever since the disease had broken out, and certainly from the time of my arrival if ever a man fought an epidemic out to the bitter end with every weapon known to science that man was Müller. My own work, however, did not lie much in a line with Müller's, for while he and the other doctors were doing all that men could to stamp out the epidemic my business was to inquire into its origin. You remember that one curious phase was noticed—the type was pure Asiatic cholera, but the connecting link by which it had been introduced was lost, or rather never had been found. You may imagine the difficulties in my way when you think of the immense number of deaths which had occurred before I came to the city. In some cases whole families had been exterminated without any proper record of their symptoms or treatment having been kept. Then the shipping in the harbour had, in the early stages of the disease, been very loosely looked after. The task before me appeared impossible, and, as a matter of fact, it turned out impossible. I made no headway——”

“That’s the first of the wind,” Captain Stein interrupted, as a soft moan sounded without. “Excuse me, Colonel; go on with your story. You did not give up, I’ll swear.”

“No, but I might nearly as well have done so. At Müller’s request I made the acquaintance of the girl to whom he was engaged. She was English, a Miss Brentwich. Müller would not go near the house in which she lived, dreading the possibility of bringing the contagion with him. This extreme caution I set down to nervous strain from overwork; for surely Müller should have been aware that it is almost impossible to transmit cholera in such a manner. But then he had no time to think out the everlasting problem of the union of the soil-microzymes and the cholera-microzymes,

or to settle the question in his own mind, so far as his own conduct for the moment was concerned, whether cholera is or is not a miasmatic-contagious disease. He left all that to a more convenient season, and meantime ran no risks. Indeed, he only wrote to Miss Brentwich when absolutely necessary, and he had given her elaborate instructions as to disinfecting every object, great or small, that reached the house from without. Miss Brentwich was a handsome girl, and I have no doubt that under ordinary circumstances I should have found her society agreeable. But she was very depressed, and it was too evident that she only tolerated me on account of the news I brought her from the pestilential seat of war. There was a romantic story about her engagement. She had, owing to her pretty face, splendid figure, perfect manner, and admirable banking account—to mention her attractions in the cumulative climax to which the average man is amenable—a large circle of admirers. In the process of natural selection these had been eventually reduced to three, George Morrison, English; Henrik Ibbetsen, Dutch; and Wilhelm Müller, German. Müller, when he found that he had only secured third place in the struggle for existence in the good graces of Miss Brentwich, quietly withdrew and devoted himself to his profession. But Ibbetsen, a well-known pathologist and a rising man, did not yield so readily to a mere sporting English gentleman. Up to this time no actual proposal had been made, but every one knew that Morrison had only to ask and he would receive—that is, be accepted. George Morrison was in the first batch of cholera victims. He was skilfully and chivalrously attended to the last by Müller. On the outbreak of the epidemic, Ibbetsen had shut himself up in his house, and saw no one. His conduct was considered strange and cowardly. Miss Brentwich knew of this and, although in great grief, she accepted Müller out of gratitude. As to marriage, Müller had no time to think of that. His hands were full. Most of these details I got from a Mrs. Selwyn, who lived with Miss Brentwich, both as a paid companion and a near relative. The widow had an ear for gossip, and would have made an excellent correspondent for a society paper if she had not already found a more desirable post.



"WITH A BOUND HE WAS ON ME"

Shut up as she was, it was extraordinary how much she seemed to know about the daily lives of the Biedenburg people. This knowledge she was always ready to impart. The gabble about Ibbetsen struck me as really very strange. A man like him was badly wanted in the hospitals, and in the huts. He had been a fearless practitioner, and never counted his own life when science or humanity required his services. And the strangest part of the gossip was the fact that the complete change in Ibbetsen's whole nature was exactly contemporaneous with the outbreak of the cholera. On that I formed a theory and acted on it. I determined to interview the man, no matter how rigidly he secluded himself. After some difficulty I did so. Ibbetsen's appearance was a startling surprise. I had heard of him as a man of iron nerve and of rigidly abstemious habits. I found him not only a hopeless drunkard but a drugged drunkard. I have never experienced anything more painful than that of my visit to him. It is bad enough to be in the company of a man who is merely drunk. It is much worse to be in the company of a man who is in delirium for want of stimulants after a prolonged drinking bout. But Ibbetsen was practically in delirium tremens and deadly drunk as well. The combination is an ugly one."

"I gave him—you know," nodding to the physician of the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, who had let his pipe out.

"Of course, you gave him——" the Doctor was cutting in with when Hedford interposed. "This is not a clinical lecture, Doctor."

"I got him into bed and finally asleep, and considering his condition I felt rather proud of my prescription. I then sent a message to my hotel to say that I would not return that night. This despatched, I rang for Ibbetsen's servant and directed him to sit in his master's bedroom and call me if any change took place in the condition of my patient. On that I lay down on a couch and fell asleep. I was awakened soon by a touch on the shoulder. It was Ibbetsen himself who called me, and not his servant. The man had evidently gone to his own quarters. Ibbetsen was wide awake and partly rational. He talked incessantly. My business, of course, was to get him asleep again as soon as possible, but when the powerful medicine I had given him failed

so soon I was puzzled how to act. Trying to occupy his mind and draw it away from exciting fancies I said soothingly:

"Sit down here and let me tell you the news!"

"The news?" he gasped. "Any more news?"

"No, no, it isn't news. It is only about an appointment I have with Dr. Müller at the cholera hospital." I don't know how I came to say that. It was a bad time to say it if I wanted to prove my theory, and on my own theory it must be absolutely destructive of my treatment.

"Cholera!" he yelled. "Cholera!"

"With a bound he was on me. I had some trouble with him, for he was a powerful man. His nervous system was in a bad state, but his splendid physique had not had time to suffer permanently. I was obliged to use great violence, for there was no help near. I was fighting for my life. I got through with it at last, and Ibbetsen lay back on the couch exhausted, and crying childishly.

"Cholera! Cholera!" he sobbed. "All dead, all dead! The Englisher, Morrison, was a fine man. But he was the first to go." Then with a burst of fury he shouted:

"Where is the damn spy?"

"I slipped behind a screen.

"Hoch! Hoch!" he maundered on. "That was a fine dinner-party. *Gott in Himmel* that was a brave dance of death. The mistake was they did not drink from skulls. There they are. Plenty of them! Skulls everywhere! Ach!"

"He stopped for a moment and then resumed. 'I did not drink that night. But I have had a royal drink since.'

"Here's to the first of the cholera men,' he shouted, and, taking a bottle of brandy and a glass from a stand I had not previously noticed, he poured out a tumbler-full of raw spirit.

"To the Englisher, Morrison, the first of the cholera men,' he said this slowly and deliberately as he raised the glass to his lips.

"I stepped from behind the screen in the hope of taking the brandy from him. The light of the single gas jet was faint, but it shewed me Ibbetsen's distorted face glaring in a mirror opposite. My own face was reflected close to his. There was a small space between. In

that space it seemed to me that a slight film began to gather. My nerves had been wrought upon by what I had gone through. The film took shape—the shape of a face.

"It is the face of the Englisher," Ibbetsen said, in a low, steady voice. Then he drank off the brandy. Whirling his right hand suddenly round his head he dashed the bottle which he had been holding, at the mirror. It struck the glass in the centre and smashed it to atoms.

"Good-night, Morrison," he said, in the same low voice, and fell back on the couch.

"The next day he was permanently insane."

Anderson was now livid. Captain Steinhadrisen from his seat and stood bolt upright, with his head shot forward, a habit of his on the bridge when steaming full speed through a fog. The doctor hardly breathed. Outside, the wind was rising fast. The ship began to heave.

Hedford continued: "Ibbetsen's laboratory was a wonderful place. I did not covet the man's condition, certainly, but I envied him his laboratory. I was a long time searching for what I wanted. I found it at last. It was a thick glass jar with a well-gelatined stopper, and labelled—but that would anticipate. Wait a moment (this

to the Doctor, who was about to interrupt again.)

"A few minutes with a microscope proved what I expected.

"I left the house and went to my hotel. The grey dawn was brightening into day when I arrived. Notwithstanding the hour, Miss Brentwich was at the hotel. She was waiting for me. Her face, always wan and white as I had seen it, wore a new horror. Some fresh blow had fallen.

"He is down at last," she gasped.

"Müller!"

"Yes. Human nature could no longer stand the strain. You will go to him. You will save the brave fellow. I cannot bear more than has already befallen me. I wish I were dead."

"She said this without a tear. Her tears had all been shed.

"Müller was not past hope when I found him. But he thought he was. I believe I could have saved his life——"

Omnes: "Which of course you did!"

"Not I. I allowed him to die, as I might say, without benefit of clergy—that is, without even the alleviation of pain

which science can in the last extremity provide. Wait!" said Hedford again sharply, for the faces of his hearers (excepting that of the imperturbable Mr. Smith) were frowning fiercely at him.



"MY OWN FACE WAS REFLECTED CLOSE TO HIS"



"'HE IS DOWN AT LAST,' SHE GASPED."

"In his terror of death Müller told me the secret of the epidemic of Asiatic cholera in Biedenburg."

"Which you have told us?"

"Not yet."

"Great Scotland Yard!" Captain Stein interjected; "what's next?"

"This: Ibbetsen had given a dinner-party to his friends, including Müller and Morrison. The host had a special

wine in his cellar which Müller knew that none of the guests drank save himself and the Englishman. Müller also knew all about the cholera bacilli-farm in the laboratory. He dosed the special wine, and at the last moment left to look after a pretended urgent case."

"What a fiendish joke!" cried the Captain and his officer. Neither Smith nor Anderson spoke.

"No," said Hedford, "that's the worst of it. It was not a joke; nor even an accident, as poor Ibbetsen thought till the thinking of it drove him mad."

The wind was now whistling through the rigging. The Captain gave a hasty order without and closed the door of his room again with a bang.

"Müller believed," Hedford went on without noticing the interruption, "that he could confine the disease to one man, Morrison. And so he could. But it happened that owing to some banter at the table all the guests had drunk the fatal wine. Ibbetsen would have done the same, only that owing to a slight indisposition he avoided stimulants that evening. Eleven out of the thirteen—a number which served for many a merry jest at table—who sat down developed Asiatic cholera within two days; some

of them within a few hours. Their residences were widely scattered, and so the epidemic got ahead of Müller——"

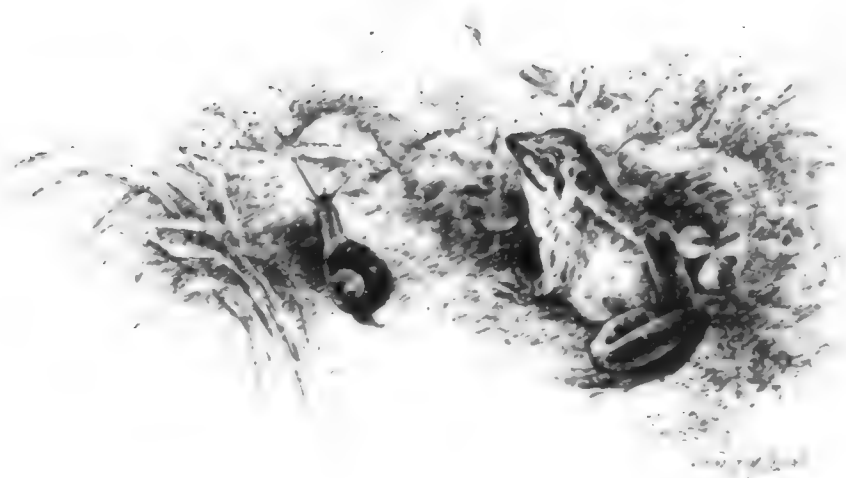
A message was here delivered to the Captain. He apologised hoarsely to his guests and left the cabin. The others followed. When Stein returned from the bridge he found his friends listening to the singing of an English anthem which could be faintly heard from the Saloon. They were waiting for him. Snow was falling in blinding drifts.

Hedford said quietly:

"Müller indirectly killed many thousands whom he vainly tried to save—but he did directly kill, and he meant to kill, one man, George Morrison."

Very softly from the saloon floated up the last line of the anthem.

"On earth, peace! Good will among men!"



Vagabond's Christmas Dinners.

WRITTEN BY G. W. WARD. ILLUSTRATED BY C. SHEPPERSON

TIS a curious thing about Christmas dinners, but one seldom forgets them, however commonplace they may have been. I conjure up recollections of a few, more or less unconventional, as I sit at my solitary repast to-night, with never a spray of mistletoe or holly to give it a Yule-tide air for once, and the maid-servant clattering the dishes in her impatience to be away to some merry-making. And this is my first Christmas in England for close on ten years!

Where did I spend last Christmas—and the one before that—aye! and many a one before that? Why, bless my soul, it makes me feel a regular old fossil when I think of them—and me not out of my twenties yet! That first 25th of December from home! I had gone abroad; you know, youth will be served—lads will stray off, thinking the world afar is waiting, for their coming to smother them in riches and glory—and December found me in Egypt, and low water: "*Out on the sands when the funds are low,*" as a jocular companion—another child of calamity—used to sing. I had just missed accompanying an Austrian merchant up the Nile, on a trading tour (poor beggar, he lay fettered in the Mahdi's camp for the next three years, till death passed him out); then a broken officer—with a broken leg, too—cut me out in a race for a billiard-marking billet; and finally I joined the Khedive's revenue service. I was a cook, at ten shillings a week, and I had to "find" myself. Now cooking is not my *métier*. As far as boiling an egg goes, I will cede place to none, but there my skill ends. And I had to cater for one captain and one mate, who, curiously enough, liked good living. They taught me to make hash, and thenceforward the *menu* was mainly hash until other novelties were introduced to my notice by the first lieutenant, with sarcastic politeness, and an Arab sailor was detailed to perform most of my work.

It was the 24th when Joe—navigating officer—inquired casually:

"Is the pudd'n under way?"

"What pudding?"

"Why, Christmas pudd'n! S'pose you never had no Christmas pudd'ns where you was dragged up!"

This scornfully, as if suffering, hash-nourished Nature was on the brink of a revolt. I mollified him, and with many misgivings started on the contract. To eat plum-pudding is one thing—to make it over a tiny charcoal stove, aboard a forty-ton schooner lying embayed on the edge of the Libyan desert, a couple of hundred miles from Alexandria and groceries, is another, especially when you have not the faintest notion how to begin. Joe evidently shared my doubts as to my skill, for he watched the preliminary operations with swelling scorn mingled with well-founded fear that in experimenting I might spoil what slender stock of flour, and currants, and such-like material our larder boasted. At last he took the matter in hand personally, while I went on deck and smoked. I was still in my 'teens, and felt thoroughly home-sick. By-and-bye Joe called me and enjoined me to "keep 'er bilin' for five or six hours—then teem 'er." "She," I discovered, was a tin enclosing the precious pudding. I obeyed. Evening advanced, the Arab sailors had supped, and prayed, and howled themselves to sleep in their quarters forward, and not a man was visible on deck as I scaled the galley companion and emerged into the bright moonlight with the little cauldron in my grasp. Extracting the pudding-tin therefrom I stepped to the side and began to "teem 'er," very cautiously—the lid half off, and the pudding wobbling about inside. Ow! didn't the water scald as it dribbled out! Twice I had to put it down and blow on my parboiled fingers, and still the water trickled. So I slid the lid a little further off, to give it easier egress—and then "she" fell into

the sea! It is tame reading, I know, but if my captain and Joe had formed part of your circle of acquaintances you would understand that my immediate prospects promised to be far from tame. Joe was a Gravesend gentleman, and he had picked up his flow of language from the bargees. He was not only quicker at an oath than the skipper—who had only graduated on God-fearing sailing-ships—but he also introduced a far greater variety of expression on occasions. And this would have been a case calling for his most eloquent flights. There "she" was—cool enough now, in all conscience—sinking peacefully to the ten-fathom sands over which we lay anchored, her environing cloth gleaming faintly like a burial robe as she descended. I could swim pretty well. Often had I dived in company with the Greek spongers and with the Arabs who eke out such a precarious living by bringing up cockles from the depths of Alexandria's old harbour, around Fort Arda. But thirty feet, by moonlight, in a cove that contained one shark at least, to my own knowledge, were as profound as thirty thousand. And for a pudding, too, a miserable pudding! Then I thought of Joe, and his profanity, and I hesitated no longer between him and the deep sea. At precisely 8.22 p.m., on that blessed Christmas Eve, anybody who happened to be looking would have seen me heading towards the centre of the earth, chasing "her." She had a good start, and no longer gleamed as she sped downwards, but when one is desperate he reckes not of these trifles. About the fifth stroke I overtook her—she was in my grasp, flabby and sloppy in her bathing-dress. At 8.23, breathless and triumphant as was the Fitz-James when he settled Black Roderick, I was again upon *El Neseem's* deck.

I had never been missed. Another five minutes boiling made "her" all right, barring a suspicion of salt, and at noon next day she graced our board for a brief half-hour—the best Christmas pudding I ever ate, either before or since.

Since! Well, that is saying a good deal, because I have had one or two very decent ones in later years. One that was sacrificed during a sojourn in Malaya wasn't half bad, considering that a Madrasi made it in the mud hut which he called a cook-house. But Christmas out there is no more seasonable than pantomime would be at midsummer here. 'Tis "agin nature," as the father of triplets plaintively remarked. To

begin with, the conventional turkey declines to be reared. Some months beforehand the projector of the feast will import a lot of turkey eggs from a northern port, like Shanghai, and induce his geese or hens to hatch them. Then his troubles begin. Mosquitoes spear the helpless chickens to death, so they have to be kept in a net-covered coop, and then the ants go for them, or they die of the heat, or over-feeding, or something. Anyhow, it is forty to



THE WAR CORRESPONDENT AND HIS SERVANT

one against any surviving to serve as a piece of resistance on Christmas Day. Take mince pies, again: you simply cannot negotiate mince pies within half a degree of the equator. The unhappy man who catered at the "chummery" whereto I have wandered in thought, had this point accentuated that evening. Some of the pies were thrown at him, as a matter of fact—but that was when the evening had waxed late, and everybody had toasted his "absent friends," "the old folks at home," "sweethearts and wives," and all the rest of the dear ones from whom they were exiled. It was really only a safety-valve for all the youngsters' emotion, the mince pie episode—a sort

of substitute for the snowballing at the school which one or two had but lately left. There was no lack of greenery at that table, bare though is this at which I sit to-night. There were jungles of it, hiding the whitewashed walls, whereon lizards were wont to sport unhindered by anything but an odd photo-frame or tennis-racket. Yet the place of honour was held by a little sprig of holly or mistletoe, bestowed as a great favour by some friendly skipper on the China run; grown in the shadow of a pagoda to adorn a tropical feast in honour of the great tragedy nineteen centuries ago!

One of my Christmas dinners out China way was eaten at sea. Archibald Forbes has recounted, in picturesque language, how he unexpectedly enjoyed one in mid-Atlantic, in the winter of '59, after his rescue from a waterlogged old tub whose larder consisted of some salt beef and sodden biscuits. Ours was rather better than that, for the purveyor was the purser of one of the finest ships in the Nord-deutscher Lloyd's fleet. Prominent in the centre of the saloon was a fine fir, braced firmly

on every side, and loaded with all kinds of pretty trivialities. Hidden among the leafy needles were clusters of electric lamps. Altogether it was about as gorgeous a sample of a Christmas-tree as one would wish to see anywhere—something that a dozen stewards and two or three of the engineers had been working at all the previous night. And there was not a single youngster within three hundred miles! We dined—thirty or forty people of all nationalities and professions—talking all the time about the jolly Christmas we were going to have after

all. Then we would gaze admiringly at the tree, and ask one another if it was not "Sehr schön?" Dinner over, the captain—a burly, brass-buttoned, Bismarckian-looking Teuton—went away, so we passengers dispersed for a smoke. Towards nine o'clock, however, the stewards rounded us up to see the tree-worship begin.

"Now the jolly German Christmas fun is going to begin," everybody said.

"Bring champagne," quoth our dignified skipper. It was brought. "Your hel's," he went on, as he raised his glass

in salutation of the company. "Yours," we all said, as we emptied ours.

Then he went out again, with his officers. We hung about, waiting for the wild revelry—nobody caring to begin despoiling the magnificent tree, or start a song with some rousing chorus, until the band came along, or we were officially authorised—and then four bells struck, and some of our party began to drift off to bed. Then somebody shut the piano, and the electric illumination was strangled by a steward, and it became painfully apparent



"THEN SHE FELL INTO THE SEA"

that our "Merry Christmas" was over! It was almost Forbes' experience reversed.

To write of my '92 Christmas dinner is easy, because I had none. That is to say I didn't eat any, though one was waiting. It came about in this way: A couple of months or so before I started out with a curious-looking Russian prince, one Wiasemsky, to travel overland from Bangkok to Moscow. He had already tramped across Siberia to Peking, and thence (he said) through China and Tonquin, so that when I

threw my little lot in with him, he was homeward bound, with a mere trifling nine or ten thousand miles still to go. It would be straying from my Christmas dinner reverie if I recounted the various adventures of the journey through Siam and Lower Burma—enough to know that by the 23rd December our party—consisting of the prince, a Polish sergeant who acted as servant, and myself—had reached Maulmain. The authorities were bothered to make us out. Judged by externals we resembled a bankrupt circus, but as we paid our way

the tail of several of those aggravating beasts—and, finally, the caves. "Finest sight in the world," somebody said; "Reckoned to excel even the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky." So we drove out there in dog-carts early the next morning, with a lot of policemen shepherding us, nominally out of deference to our greatness, but really, I suspect, to keep us from invading India suddenly—and at last we reached the alleged caves. They were mere holes in a little hill, forty or fifty feet deep, all smelling of bats and blue-lights, and about as interesting as



"TALKING ALL THE TIME ABOUT THE JOLLY CHRISTMAS WE WERE GOING TO HAVE"

we were clearly not tramps. Besides, was not Wiasemsky a prince, and not even a lord nearer than Calcutta, "acrost the Bay," to compete with him? But then again he was a Russian, and to be a Russian is to be suspected of espionage when one is within the boundaries of our Indian empire. However, pending absolute proof of our *bona* or *mala fides*, we received a sort of semi-official welcome at the hands of the young *militaire* who acted as Commissioner. We were shown the jail and the working elephants—which last seemed poor fun to us after our six or seven hundred mile tramp at

looking at a decayed tooth through a microscope. Whilst we were wandering about, wondering how soon tiffin time would arrive, his Serene Highness began to shiver. Then he said he wanted to go home. I protested that we must stop and eat the Government luncheon that was waiting, but in vain. So we called for our vehicles, and as we waited I, too, shivered. Then I wanted to go home. We had got jungle-fever. All that day and night we tossed on our beds in Maulmain's solitary little hotel, burning and freezing alternatively, and saturating ourselves with quinine; and at breakfast-

time on Christmas morning I crawled out to see some visitor. Our arrangements—made shortly after our arrival in Maulmain—involved our departure that afternoon for Rangoon, *via* Pegu and Shwegeen, and in accordance therewith a particularly nice and amiable Deputy Commissioner had called to speed us on

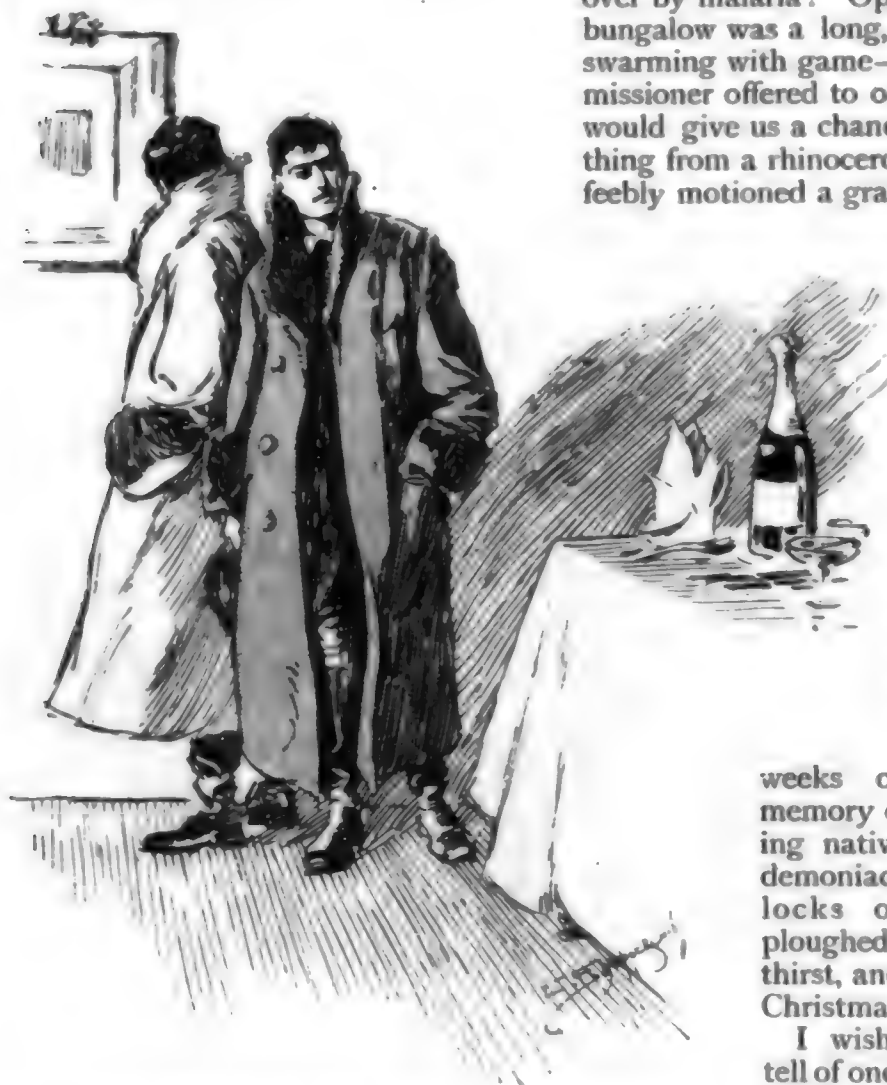
of turkey and dumpling and Heidsieck that he had provided for his "illustrious" guest, and, incidentally, for me. For weeks we had been scrambling along on rice and chicken—"paddi and sudden death," for the chicken was generally alive half-an-hour before we devoured it—and there, just as we got a really decent meal to sit down to, to be bowled over by malaria! Opposite to our host's bungalow was a long, jungle-hidden hill swarming with game—the Deputy Commissioner offered to organise a beat that would give us a chance of potting anything from a rhinoceros downward. We feebly motioned a grateful refusal. Then

he kindly volunteered to treat us to a parade of natives of all the types found within his dominions—Karens, Coringees, Chittagonians, *et hoc*. Again we shiveringly declined. Then we glanced at the table and shuddered, and went to bed.

The next six weeks or so is a dim memory of delirium, of jolting native carts drawn by demoniacal trotting bullocks over roads like ploughed fields, of burning thirst, and hospital. Merry Christmas, forsooth!

I wish I had space to tell of one interesting Christmas night which I spent in Hong Kong in companion-

ship with an adventurer—forgotten now, probably, but then almost within reach of recognition, and wealth, and the power that wealth confers—Monsieur Mayrena, otherwise Marie I., King of the Sedangs. But that, as the barrack-room biographer says, "is another story," as must be the reminiscence of still another Christmas dinner eaten—in gaol.



"WE GLANCED AT THE TABLE AND SHUDDERED"

our way. Somebody folded our tents for us, and we stumbled in a stupefied sort of way down to the quay, whence we were taken in the launch of our friend the Deputy Commissioner to his domain of Martaban, up-river. It is provoking even to recall—and how much more disappointing it must have been for the Deputy Commissioner—the array

Mr. Conan Doyle.

MR. CONAN DOYLE, modestly following the example of Mr. Meredith and others, did not make his name with his first book. At the same time the cold satisfaction of a merely posthumous reputation did not appeal to him. So he wrote a historical novel which was not exactly like every other historical novel. This unusual feat attracted attention at once.

Mr. Conan Doyle does not, as the reviewer would say, "break fresh ground." He breaks the oldest and most exhausted ground, but he finds treasure. The detective story was an old, disused, abandoned working.

Most authors left it with contempt, shouldered their type-writers, and went off to the new and the neurotic. Mr. Conan Doyle stayed and found Sherlock Holmes. If he had found a gold mine instead, it would probably have been worth less to him financially, and the general loss to the reading public would have been incalculable. Probably, the most cruel thing Mr. Conan Doyle ever did was to run one Sherlock Holmes story through two numbers of a magazine, thus keeping us waiting a whole month in suspense.

Under the Red Lamp, *The Parasite*, and *The Stark Munro Letters* remind us that Mr. Conan Doyle is Dr. Conan Doyle. As a doctor he does not practice, and as a novelist he does not preach.



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions have been attended with a large measure of success, and the Editor anticipates for them still greater popularity in the immediate future. Of the latest batch of novel plots by far the most original in conception, and most brilliant in execution is "On Christmas Eve." It is written by a lady who prefers that her pen name of "J. Colne Dacre" only should be published. The best copy of verses, "The Spoiler," by Mr. T. McEwen, is also much above the average. For the photographic contest an enormous amount of excellent work was submitted to an expert, whose report is as follows: "Mr. F. H. Padgett must be congratulated on an unconventional rendering of a vigorous 'Head Study.' In pose and expression alike, the picture shows able and careful treatment. Of the four commended photographs 'Evening Shadows' (Thos. B. Sutton), and 'Over Ninety' (C. H. Cooke), ran the winner closely. The former, though an excellent photograph, fails to convey sufficiently the idea of evening, though that might easily have been done by a little more attention to the sky. The other two are 'A Warwickshire River' (Thomas Taylor, Moseley, Birmingham), a good example of modern landscape photography, and 'Loading Sand' (T. G. Hibbert, 28, Bampton Road, Sheffield), notable for the natural rendering of the horses' positions." For the next Competition the subject must be connected with the sea; and all photographs must be received not later than the end of December, while the result will be announced in the February number. The only condition attached to these Competitions is that the proprietors reserve the right of reproducing the prize-winning and commended photographs in "The Ludgate," and any others in "Black and White;" in the latter case the usual payment will be made.

THE BEST NOVEL PLOT.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY J. COLNE DACRE.

Characters: SIR JASPER HOLLAND. WILFRED HOLLAND, *his nephew.*

MRS. MONGORTEN, *a widow.* DOBSON, *a groom.*

MR. WANDER, *a curate.* *Guests, Detectives, Servants, etc.*

SIR JASPER, a rigid disciplinarian resides at Holland Court with his nephew, a manly young fellow of twenty-three. Wilfred meets, and becomes enamoured of a widow lady living at Vernon Place, a pretty house four miles away. His uncle learns of the attachment, and calls upon the lady: what happens is not known. On the day before Christmas, Sir Jasper goes to town on business, returning by a late train. Dobson, the groom, awaits his arrival with a low dog-cart. It is a five miles drive over heavy roads. The snow has ceased, but the night is dark; and, as it is close on twelve, they pass none on the way. On reaching Holland Court, Dobson stands at the horse's head, expecting his

master to alight. As there is no movement in the vehicle, the groom, believing his master asleep goes to rouse him. He finds Sir Jasper dead, his throat having received a mortal wound from a sharp weapon. No trace of the murderer is discovered. Not a footstep is noted on the snow. The hedgerows are unsullied in their whiteness: no assassin could have concealed himself there to await his opportunity. Only the wheel tracks and prints of the horse's hoofs mark the path. Dobson has neither seen nor heard anything suspicious. Nothing has been stolen from the body. The reason of Sir Jasper's hurried visit to London does not transpire.

Sir Jasper's nephew, Wilfred, inherits his title and estates, and after a few

months of mourning weds Mrs. Montgorten. They spend the season in town, only returning to Holland Court in late autumn. A house-party, large and gay, fills the mansion, and the tragic end of its late master is well-nigh forgotten. Lady Holland is a capital hostess, and, though several years her husband's elder, she enters heartily into fun of all sorts. Her idea it is to invite the village curate to dine on Christmas Eve, and thereafter exhibit the Sunday-school magic lantern. Mr. Wander gladly agrees, and a huge sheet is fixed at one end of the library—Sir Jasper's favourite room, which Lady Holland usually avoids as she considers it gloomy—whither the company betakes itself after coffee. The chairs for the party are placed in a semi-circle in front of the screen. The room is dark, but for the disc of light on the sheet and for a vagrant ray on the anxious features of Mr. Wander as he fumbles nervously with his apparatus, which seems to be slightly out of order. The laughter and facetious remarks suddenly cease, as, vaguely at first, more distinctly afterwards, a vision is perceived to be taking shape on the sheet. It is night; no light except that of the carriage lamps illumines the picture of a dog-cart on a snowy road. It moves slowly, and behind, stealing ever closer, comes a bicycle, ridden by a tall, slender figure. The man on the back seat seems asleep, and when the figure, lunging skilfully with a gleaming weapon draws a deep gash

on the exposed part of his neck, he scarce moves; and only the horror-stricken spectators see, as, silently turning the bicycle the miscreant rides off, that the face is that of a woman.

The company, spell-bound, watches the scene fade away; then the suave voice of the unconscious Mr. Wander is heard saying:

"All is ready, now, ladies and gentlemen. The first slide is a representation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden."

Lady Holland is found rigid and death-like in her seat. She is seized with violent brain fever, and only recovers consciousness to make full confession of her crime ere she expires. She had, when very young, been Sir Jasper's wife: he had divorced her. In revenge she had resolved to become secretly acquainted with his nephew, and wed him without his uncle's knowledge. Sir Jasper, discovering her intentions, visited her and threatened to expose everything. By this time she loved Wilfred and was desperate. She knew Sir Jasper had gone to town on some mysterious business, for Wilfred had told her as much that afternoon. So being a skilled bicyclist she watched her opportunity, and stealing noiselessly in the rear of the carriage, dealt that swift cut which severed Sir Jasper's jugular vein and left her, as she believed, unfettered.

She dies penitent. Sir Wilfred never weds again.



The Best Set of Verses.



THE SPOILER.

BY THOMAS MCEWEN, 4, *Carlton Gardens, Belmont, Belfast.*

HAZE in the air, white dust upon the street:

In shady gardens lazy bumble-bees

Drone out the days of shining, shimmering heat,

From flower to flower beneath the laden trees.

Quick on short gloamings follow moon-lit nights,

And from the meadows wreathing mists arise;

The ebbing tide creeps from the shallow bights,

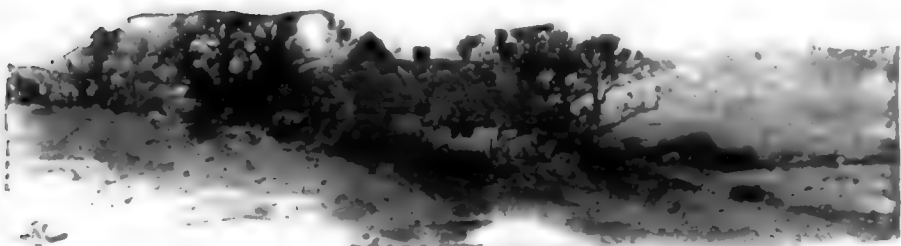
Leaving the gleaming sands bare to the skies.

The moon drops down behind the western hill,

And in the darkness just before the dawn,

Out of the North fell Frost steals forth to kill,

And heap his golden spoils upon the lawn.



The Best Photograph.



STUDY OF A HEAD: MEDAL PHOTOGRAPH
BY H. PADGETT, WINCHELSEA



EVENING SHADOWS. COMMENDED.



ONE-NINETY. COMMENDED.



A WARWICKSHIRE RIVER: COMMENDED



LOADING SAND, NEW BRIGHTON: COMMENDED

CYPSY SONG.

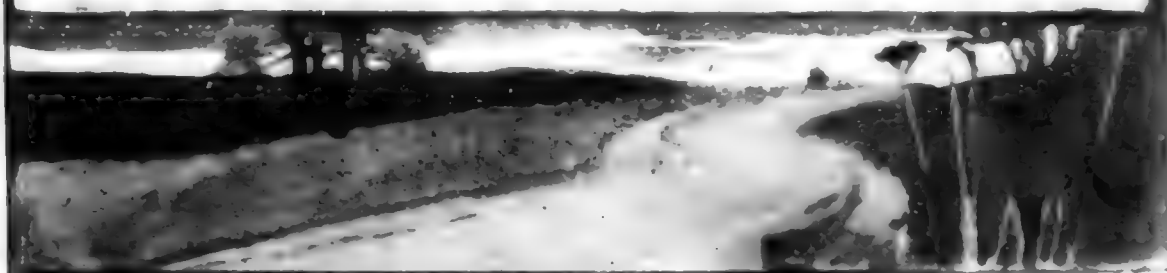


I WILL make you brooches and toys for
your delight
Of birdsong at morning and starshine at
night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days
at sea.

I will make my kitchen and you shall keep
your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows
the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your
body white
In rain-fall at morning and dew-fall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else
is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside
fir:

R. L. STEVENSON.



Dublin.

BY R. DONOVAN

THE capital of "the most distressful country" wears no sorrow on its brow. It is a pleasant dwelling-place; and, Matthew Arnold to the contrary notwithstanding, a pleasant place, in some atmospheres, to behold. The situation of the City, though it does not make for cleanliness, and though it increases the burthen of the City Fathers, enables the citizen to give to his life whatever of brightness and joy sea and coast and mountain, and the healing influences of nature have it in their power to afford. Few cities are placed within such easy reach of a varied and charming scenery. From the very heart of the City, on a clear day, may be caught glimpses of the ever-changing Dublin hills—now blue as the sea, now grey as the cloud, now emerald and evanescent. From the upper rooms of the houses in the higher quarters of the City, the varied outline of the Bay may be discerned. A twenty minutes railway drive to the north or to the south of the Bay brings one within sight of prospects which sea and mountain combine to enrich. To the north lies Howth—the Ben Eadar of the Gael—bright with gorse and heather, its black cliffs rising sheer from the floor of the sea, and commanding views of the coast from the mountains of Down to the flat shores of Wicklow. River and City, plain and hill and sea, are all combined in one far-stretching panorama. From the southern shore rises Killiney, whence even more beautiful views can be had. At the foot of the hill break the waters of the Irish Sea on a shining strand. To the south the view is ended by the chain of the Wicklow Hills—"the Golden Spears" the Celt named them, the Sugar Loaf the Celt's successor has re-named the most conspicuous. On the east, rising up to the Dublin Hills, lies the Valley of Shanganagh, rich in green lawn and dark grove, and thick-set hedge-row vividly contrasting with the barren slopes beyond. Close at hand lies Kingstown,

prettiest of harbours, and beyond the dark mass of Howth marks the outline of the Bay. Lady Dufferin and Denis Florence McCarthy have sung all these charms. Cyclist and pedestrian may penetrate the mountains, bleak and barren on their summits, with dark tarns nestling here and there, and a silence and a loneliness as complete as if a desert lay between them and the lively City of the three hundred and odd thousands, that recreates itself amidst all these pleasant places.

The City itself was once a walled town placed on the higher slopes of the southern bank of the river. It has thrown itself out north and east towards the sea, unfolding square after square, and opening street after street, until now the old town is but a neglected corner of the city of which it was the nucleus. The river runs through it from west to east. The main artery of thoroughfares cuts it from south to north. The south-eastern quarter is the fashionable portion. There lie Merrion Square, Fitzwilliam Square, St. Stephen's Green, and their adjuncts, with their population of professionals and wealthy folk. Fashion has "cut" the northern quarter, where range upon range of what were once fashionable residences are being turned into tenements. One square—Mountjoy—makes bold resistance to absorption. The south-west is the industrial quarter. There are situated Guinness's mammoth brewery, and the distilleries of that Irish whisky, famed in story, in commerce—and in the police-courts. There, too, in old nooks and forgotten squares, are the halls and homes of industries that have vanished. The exiled Huguenot set up his silk-loom in the Liberties; the weaver spun his Irish wool there; the dresser of skins and the maker of gloves—from whom the Parisian learned the art in the later years of the last century, to make the industry his own—worked there. Only the ghosts of these trades now flit hither and thither. Irish poplin is still, it is true, something more than a name. But

it has been almost extinguished by its own merits. Our grandmothers valued a material, one dress of which lasted a life-time, and then made frocks for a new generation. To our daughters a dress that does not pass away is a terror and a night-mare. So the good old poplin has receded before the lighter products of Lyons looms, and the Dublin silk-weavers have become fewer and fewer. A fine Dublin-made glove is also still procurable, but Paris has triumphed. The old City, however, has yet its interests, if only for the traces of what has been. There are the old Cathedrals — St. Patrick's, shrine of Swift; Christ Church, the cathedral of the Danes, with Strongbow's tomb in the nave, and the altar and candlesticks of James II. in the crypt.

All the City ways lead to College Green. It is the heart of the town and its most beautiful site. Trinity College and the Bank of Ireland—the old Parliament House—are among the architectural boasts of Dublin, as they are the centre of much of its historic interest. Dame Street runs west from the College to the Castle, and is the local Lombard Street. Banks, insurance offices, the offices of stockbrokers, the Chamber of Commerce occupy and almost monopolise it. The buildings are handsome and varied in style and structure, and the old are gradually yielding to the new. From the College, too, runs, to the south, Grafton Street, where the fashionable shops are situated and where the City promenades.

The Dublin of to-day—broken as are many of its links with the past—is the child of the Dublin of yesterday. It lacks some of the characteristics of a national capital, but it is neither a mere provincial centre nor a manufacturing city. Being the seat of the Irish Administration and the home of the Courts of Justice, it still preserves some of the features of a metropolis. True, the Irish noble has no longer his Dublin house. The residences where once the nobility and gentry lived have all been transformed. One is a mendicity institution, another a military barracks, a third a grammar school, a fourth the nucleus of our Irish South Kensington. Hundreds of the houses that were decorated by Italian artists for the Irish gentlemen of the last century are now thronged tenements, where the poor of

Dublin are crowded. A trade in artistic marbles, dug out from the walls of Dublin tenements, was the vogue for a while among the vendors of curiosities and antiques. Here and there a successful doctor or lawyer saves from the wreck a mansion whose stucco work betrays the artist hand. But the fashionable resort of the gentry and nobility of Ireland Dublin has ceased to be. London has competed successfully for their possession. When the Viceroy holds his Court the Irish lady dons her feathers and jewels in a Dublin hotel and proceeds to the Drawing-Room in a hired carriage. When, once a year, the best horse-show in the world proves irresistible in its attractions, the Irish nobleman steers his yacht into Kingstown Harbour and there plays host. The desertion has been complete.

The loss is not wholly compensated for by the survival of the official and professional class, but the existence of the latter in such numbers makes Dublin still a characteristically residential city. The professional element of the population is almost equal to the commercial, and is one-fourth of the industrial. Socially, the Irish capital is still a lively place. The intellectual and artistic life is not wholly provincial. Dublin still radiates an influence. It is a city of traditions not altogether forgotten, and maintained in vitality by institutions that cannot pass away.

The Viceroyalty is not the worthless mimicry of the reality that some—of both divisions of our politics—would have people believe. True, the keenness of political strife for the last three lustrums or more have rather isolated the Viceroyalty. Now the boycott is maintained on one side and now on another. Castle and Mansion House are separated as by a gulf. The College hoists its flags only when Viceroys of its own predilection pass the way. But wherever else the proposal to abolish the Viceroyalty meets with favour it finds little approval in Dublin.

Then the Irish Bar is still an institution of repute. The *laudatores temporis acti* may assure us that it is but the shadow of its former self, that the learning and the wit of former days are no more, that the era of the giants has departed. One does not accept all this without a doubt, and he notes with satisfaction that when the Irish Bar does



KINGSTOWN HARBOUR
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.
From a photograph by W. Lawrence

export a member for contests in the lists beyond the Channel, his place is not in the last flight, but the first.

"The Silent Sister" of Oxford and Cambridge is another centre of influence that its reputation does scant justice. Its members, indeed, have none of that zeal which Toynbee Hall and the University Extension movement typify. Town and Gown war not upon one another in these latter days. But the University might be more to the City and the City more to the University than their existing relations express. Nevertheless, the savants are not wholly apart and segregated. The existence of the University gives a tone to the City that it might not otherwise possess. Its scholarship vitalises the scientific and antiquarian societies and gives their work a

special value. When the Colleges of the City attached to the new Royal University have struggled into vigorous life this effect will be still more manifest.

More directly in touch with the City and of more immediate concern to the metropolitan and national interests, is the Royal Dublin Society. It is a multifarious and many-functioned Society. It endeavours to combine in one body the functions of the Royal Society, the Agricultural Society, the trustees of the British Museum, the authorities of South Kensington and the trustees of the National Gallery. The Society patronises an art school and an art gallery, and organises big shows of cattle, sheep and horses; it conducts farming experiments in Connaught and classical

concerts in Dublin; it administers the National Library of Ireland and distributes the Treasury Grant for the improvement of horse-breeding; it gives an eye to the development of Irish fisheries and listens learnedly to disquisitions on the higher ranges of abstruse science.

The Royal Irish Academy is another learned institution. Its interests are mainly historical and antiquarian, though pure science and polite literature are not excluded from its purview. Its library is full of the materials of Irish history. The treasures of its museum are now exhibited in rooms situated in magnificent new museum buildings which form the chief architectural gift of the Imperial Treasury to Dublin. The Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice, the Cross of Cong are among the more precious.



THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR



ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN PARK



THE VICEREGAL LODGE IN PHOENIX PARK

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. LAWRENCE

The volumes of its transactions contain all the light that can be shed on the civilisation of Pagan and Early Christian Ireland. The names of its scholars are held in high veneration by the students of the island story—Petrie, O'Donovan, O'Curry, Wilde, Reeves, Stokes, to name but these.

Art is tended by the Royal Hibernian Academy, the Academy of Music, the Dublin Musical Society. Dublin has its traditions here, too. Every Dublin man is fond of boasting that Handel's *Messiah* found its first welcome from a Dublin audience. But the native schools of painting and music need a vivifying touch; and Ireland has nothing now to show in art comparable to the work of the Scots school, and in music there is greater capacity for enjoyment

of kings and poets bequeathed from earlier generations, there is no public monument that is an eyesore. Foley has done that much for his native City.

Dublin is also an educational centre of some importance. The medical schools and the King's Inns are the resort of the professional students. The former, though their decline is a cause of pressing anxiety to the Dublin licensing bodies, still muster six hundred strong. The latter are numerous enough, too, to show that the tendency to adopt professional rather than commercial careers is still dominant among the Irish people.

Commercially, Dublin is rather a shop-keeping than a manufacturing community. The chief Dublin exports are porter and whisky, and the manufacture of these com-



LORD ARDILAUN
From a photograph by Chancellor



MR. JOHN WIGHAM
PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



REV. DR. SALMON
PROVOST OF TRINITY

From photographs by W. Lawrence

than for creation among the myriad lovers of the art. The City sculpture is, however, creditable. Omitting the effigies

modities is the chief Dublin industry. The annual exports of porter exceed half-a-million hogsheads. The port

looks towards Great Britain, and its trade with the sister island far exceeds all its foreign trade. The statistics of the port for 1893 will show how completely Britain monopolises the trade of the Irish midlands, south and west. In that year the coasting trade with Great Britain was represented by a tonnage of 1,275,535 of cargoes entered and 1,006,868 tons cleared. The direct foreign trade amounted to only 227,446 tons entered and 41,577 tons cleared. Besides its own manufactures, Dublin is the port through which passes the agricultural produce of

Paris" with a stock, of which the advantages are set forth. The great names of Guinness, Jameson and Power, however, have no foreign rivals. Large as is the export trade done by these firms, the home trade is still more considerable. The capital represented by the breweries and distilleries of Dublin alone amounts to many millions. The great firm of Guinness's, of which the nominal capital was £6,000,000, is now represented in the money market by a sum nearly three times as great.

The employment given, as compared



CUSTOMS HOUSE AND NORTH WALL FROM THE BUTT BRIDGE
From a photograph by W. Lawrence

the central districts of Ireland. This great trade proceeds largely through the hands of Dublin factors and is one of the sources of the City wealth.

The wholesale trade of the City is not what it once was. The Scots, Manchester and London merchants now do a large direct trade even with the smaller Irish towns. Though still considerable, the trade continues to decline. The traveller through the country towns now notes, as a common advertisement on the hoardings, that "Mr. and Mrs.—have returned from Manchester, London and

with other industries, is not as large in proportion to the capital invested, and Dublin has room for a few more chimney stacks. The poorest of the Dublin poor have a hard struggle in the winter months; and the high death-rate of the City tells of systems unprepared by sufficient nutriment to resist the attack of disease.

The business done in the Dublin Money Market is substantial. Irish stock is almost all in the hands of Irish investors, and there is a surplus of capital that overflows into other lands

for profitable investment. Whatever be the cause of the absence of industries, lack of native capital is not one. There is more than enough for Irish wants. Were the Irish capitalist prepared to take a few more risks in Ireland, the result would be good. For the present, however, the Dublin Stock Exchange is employed in placing Irish money elsewhere. Irish stocks are almost all at fancy prices now, and the return is surprisingly low for a country that is commonly represented as without credit.

The City Government is not inefficient. It has difficulties to contend with, as

towards remedying the evil. It is assisted by a private Company—the Artisans' Dwellings Company—which finds this humanitarian work an enterprise that returns a satisfactory dividend on the invested capital. The Guinness Trust is also an active agency in the same good cause. Only one criticism need be offered of the results of these separate efforts. The artisan and the well-to-do workman is the chief beneficiary. The unskilled labourer is scarcely affected.

One advantage the masses enjoy in Dublin: it is a City of many lungs. The squares are numerous, and public spirit



VIEW OF GRAFTON STREET

From a photograph by W. Lawrence

the government of every old city must have. But it is steadily making headway. The Corporation has given the citizens a water supply that at once exterminated typhus from the purlieus of the City, and raised an impassible barrier against the worst forms of epidemic disease. The water is brought from the Wicklow Hills, and is of pure quality and excellent taste. Sanitation has a dread enemy in the character of the dwellings occupied by the poor in some of the decaying quarters of the City. Within their limited powers the Corporation has done excellent work

has thrown open the gates of the most beautiful to the denizens of the congested areas. Lord Ardilaun's gift of St. Stephen's Green, a charming city garden, was a princely one, and it is enjoyed as befits the gift. The Phoenix Park is one of the finest public parks in these countries. The Imperial tax-payer takes care of it for the people of Dublin, and they appreciate the service. When the Corporation have sweetened the Liffey—the work is to be undertaken at an estimated cost of nearly £300,000—the municipality will have accomplished the heaviest task now before it,

and have removed the principal obstacle to the enjoyment of Dublin.

On the whole, the Dublin citizen is disposed to be proud of his City; and, notwithstanding its drawbacks, he has reason to be. There are wealthier communities, there are more brilliant societies, there are more stately cities. But for the quiet worker who loves a quiet life—that is not all gloom and yet burns not the candle at both ends—the Irish capital has its charms. It is neither too small for variety nor too big for sociability. No five o'clock tea table in Dublin is quite out of range of another, and though everybody in Dublin is not acquainted with everybody else; they all know one another. Hence there is an air of cheerful friendliness and easy gaiety about the City and its people, never more noticeable than at Christmas time.

Nowhere can Christmas be more pleasant. The City puts on the air of

one big home. There are no empty squares or deserted streets; few faces are to be seen wearing the stranger's lonely look. The Celt is sociable; and although Dane and Saxon and Norman, Huguenot and Fleming and Jew have each contributed to the Dublin stock, the social habit is Celtic. Dublin people do not take their pleasures sadly. One other characteristic is to be set down to their credit. They are generous and charitable beyond most communities. The strife of creed has cut its channels through society; but one virtue is common to all creeds, and it is the greatest of the virtues. Nowhere are the sick and the orphans and the dying so well taken care of; nowhere is the voice of the poor more quickly hearkened to. Christmas in such a community is sure to be bright. There are no Christian duties undone, and no reasons why all should not be merry to their hearts' best content.



The Dexter Bells.

WRITTEN BY J. AUBREY TYSON. ILLUSTRATED BY SAM REID



Y, stranger, you may well say there is music in the Dexter bells, and music, too, such as few may hear elsewhere in this great world, for they speak a language all their own—a language that the poor tillers of these fields and those who toil all day in yonder factory can easily

understand. For well-nigh a hundred years have their sweet notes echoed through our

valley, and many an humble cottager who sleeps his last sleep in our old churchyard has been christened, wed and buried to the rhythm of their chimes.

It may seem strange, perhaps, to find a peal of bells as rare as ours in a village peopled only by simple-minded country folk who know but little of the great world beyond their hills. Many men have marvelled not only to find them here, but that we should know so well how to ring them. Theirs is, in truth, a strange and beautiful story and, if it is your will, I'll tell it to you.

Nearly a century and a-quarter ago a young lad left this village to seek his fortune in a foreign land. He prospered, but it was not until he was an old white-haired man that he returned to visit the village of his birth. He then caused a peal of bells to be hung in the old belfry, and since that time no week has passed

that their silvery notes have not made glad the hearts and homes of Dexter.

Having thus obtained the bells the villagers had next to find eight men to ring them. This did not take them long, for soon they had eight honest village lads to man the ropes, and for several weeks the young Squire walked across the fields each Sabbath morning to call the peal.

In this company of ringers was the village farrier's son—a tall, sinewy youth not then out of his teens. There was no more likely lad in all the county than young Ned Blakesley. He seemed a bit ungainly when one looked at him at first, and words came to him less readily than to many of his fellows; but in feats of strength and in the practice of his craft the young smith had no rival for many a league around. It was not altogether because of his physical qualities, however, that he had become the village favourite. His merry eyes, his kindly heart and his deference to his elders did more, perhaps, to win him men's regard than victorious wrestling bouts and well-turned horse-shoes. There was not a lass in Dexter who would not gladly have offered him her red lips to kiss if he had asked her; but Ned was an honest lad, and though he was as fond of a pretty face as any man might be, it was not for any hapless girl to point to him as the author of her undoing.

With the Squire there to call the peal, all went well from the first in the ringers' room; but there came a time in the autumn when the Squire went abroad and it became necessary to find someone to take his place. Among the ringers there were none who knew anything of music; but, being urged to do so by his associates, Ned, after a little hesitation, undertook to call the peal, and was successful.

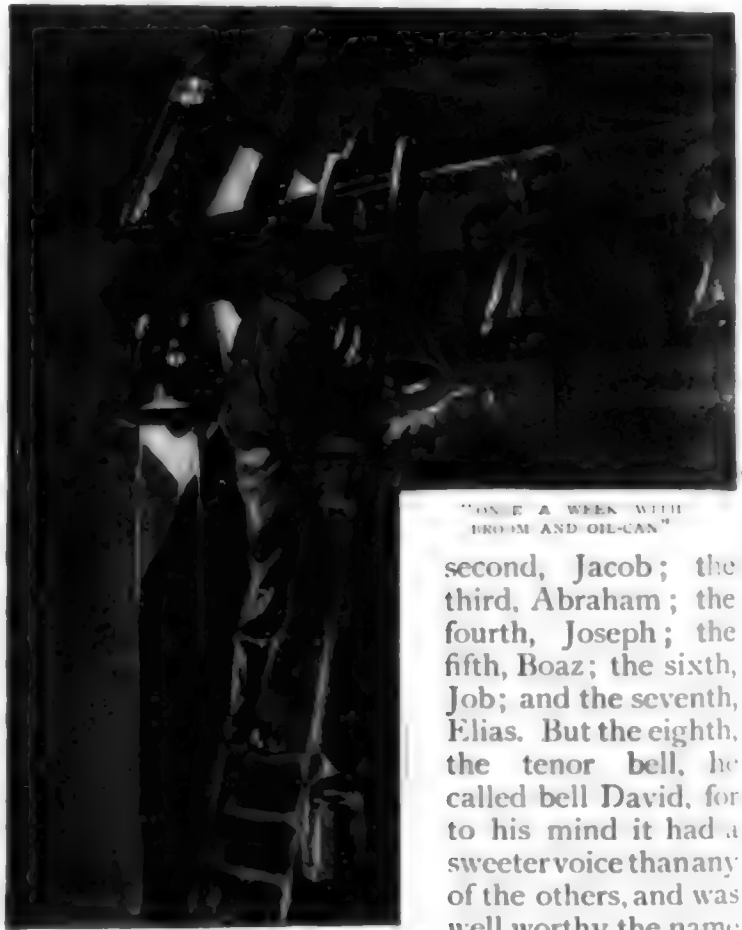
A marked change seemed now to come over the mind and conduct of the young bell-ringer. Hitherto the boy

had always been bright and lively while at his work, but now he seemed to have suddenly become more meditative than he had ever been before. His industry was unabated, but there were times when his thoughts would seem to wander and cause him to involuntarily suspend his labour. Often his father, raising his eyes to mark the cause of a sudden silence in the shop, would see the boy gazing dreamily in the direction of the Dexter belfry, while a piece of glowing metal lay before him on the silent anvil.

After he had taken it upon himself to call the peal, Ned had become sensible of a strange sense of responsibility. He conceived the bells to be something more than human, and at times he fancied he was able to detect in their notes that strain of pensive melancholy which lurks in the voice of the nightingale. Believing that the bells possessed intelligence, he often wondered if it pained them to be loved only for their music, in the manner that men love women for their beauty, rather than for the gentle spirits that are within. For several weeks these thoughts filled his mind, and then he began to pursue a course of conduct which they suggested. Having first cleared away from the interior of the belfry the accumulated rubbish of past years, he thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed the place, and oiled the parts of the bells which were exposed to friction. Then it became his custom to visit the bell-room once a week with broom and oil-can, until at length the appearance of the heretofore neglected belfry would have done credit to the most scrupulous housewife in Dexter. His sympathetic affection for the bells almost amounted to idolatry. The very birds which haunted the belfry rafters became hallowed in his eyes, and as much as man might do to minister to their comfort was done by Ned. He never disturbed a nest unless some parent bird more witless than the rest commenced its structure immediately about the bells themselves, and he

seldom went aloft that he did not take with him a can of meat and worms for the owls and jackdaws in order that they might not be obliged to leave their young to search for food. Then when winter came, and the feathered denizens of the tower sought some summer clime, the isolation of the bells appeared to him more pitiful than ever.

If, however, there was one trait of Ned's that, more than any other, amused unappreciative villagers, it was his habit of calling the bells by Scriptural names. There were eight bells in the peal, and of these the first he called Israel; the



"ONCE A WEEK WITH
BROOM AND OIL-CAN"

second, Jacob; the third, Abraham; the fourth, Joseph; the fifth, Boaz; the sixth, Job; and the seventh, Elias. But the eighth, the tenor bell, he called bell David, for to his mind it had a sweeter voice than any of the others, and was well worthy the name of Israel's great singer.

Time wore on and the youth became a stalwart man. He married one of the village lasses, who bore him seven as bonny sons as ever a fond wife placed in her husband's arms. To all who knew Ned's affection for the bells, it was not surprising that he should bestow their names upon his boys, nor that as soon as their young arms were equal to the task he should make a place for them in the ringers' room, and teach them how to get music from the bells. Thus, after the lapse of a few years, it came to pass that every ringer was a Blakesley.

As a fond husband and parent Ned left little to be desired ; but, as with the bells, there was one among his sons more dear to him than all the rest, and this was he who bore the name of David. This favourite son was the third in years, and far more bright than any of his brothers. Unlike most other children of the village, he had a fondness for learning, and while he was yet a little lad he had read every book that was procurable in Dexter. Being quicker than the rest, he was oftentimes more wilful ; but there were none who knew him who did not like him for his witty speech and merry little ways. As the boy became a man, however, he became noted for his dissolute conduct, and when he entered upon his twentieth year he had long borne the reputation of being a wayward son, shirking his work to steal away to his books or wild associates. He was not nearly so popular as his father had been, and the villagers marvelled that Ned, whose industry and sobriety were unimpeachable, should be so patient with



"IT WAS AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS EVE"

the lad. Little by little had he lost the respect of his friends, until at last only three remained faithful to him — his parents and his sweetheart.

Betty Seacombe, the daughter of the innkeeper of the village, was the acknowledged belle of Dexter. She was three years younger than Dave Blakesley, and from her early childhood she had been accustomed to regard the bell-ringer's son with a feeling of admiration such as no other aspiring young villager had ever been able to kindle in her mind. She discovered many virtues in the rapidly-growing boy that escaped the notice of others, who only sought his faults, so that, at last, when he came to her one day and confessed his love, she gave him the full measure of her maidenly affection. Dave, loving her devotedly, had always remained faithful

to her, and was to a great extent susceptible to her influence. Knowing this, his mother looked to her for aid in bringing back the erring boy to the path of rectitude from which he had so early learned to stray, and, working together, they were indefatigable in their efforts to effect the lad's reform.

One day, several weeks before Christmas, Ned devised a scheme whereby the bells might be made to ring familiar tunes ; and for well-nigh a whole week, leaving the shop in charge of two of his boys, he busied himself effecting a new arrangement in the belfry. When this was done he sent to London for a man to arrange certain Christmas tunes in such a manner that, by reading numbers from a sheet of paper, he might be able to call the bells in their proper order to

the ringers. Then, pledging his sons to secrecy, he made preparations to give the village an entertainment the like of which they had never known before. Night after night the ringers went together to the belfry to engage in dumb practice on

the ropes, the while Ned called the numbers of some old favourite Christmas hymn. Overcome with the delightful anticipation of the surprise he had in store for the villagers, the old man almost seemed a boy again. His sons, too, shared his enthusiasm, and all kept their secret well. Twice or thrice the old man, surrounded by his seven stalwart sons, was seen making his way at night in the direction of the church ; but when questioned as to his destination, he always replied promptly, " We're just goin' to have a look at the bells and tidy up the belfry a bit ; that's all."

Christmas Eve was come at last. All day had the old man looked forward impatiently to the night. As the twilight shadows began to fall among the hills he found his excitement almost irrestrainable. Within a few hours

would his beloved bells speak to men as they had never done before. Darker and darker grew the evening and brighter became the old man's eyes. At eight o'clock he called his sons. One by one they filed into the cottage kitchen until six were there. But where was David?

The old man, chafing under the delay, repeatedly called the name of the absentee, but failed to obtain a response. Presently there was a knock at the cottage door, and upon opening it they found one of Dave's boon companions who had come to say that Dave would meet his father and brothers at the church.

"I told the lad to meet me here!" exclaimed the old man angrily, as he stamped his foot. The messenger departed, and a few moments later the company of ringers were on their way to the church.

It was an ideal Christmas Eve. There had been snow during the day, but now the air was crisp and clear. Overhead the moon and stars shone brilliantly, and underfoot the snow crunched monotonously beneath the heavy, steady tread of the ringers. It was not long before Ned and his sons arrived at the church, and as they entered the ringers' room they saw that David was already there. Ned heaved a sigh of relief, but said nothing; then removing their heavy coats the ringers addressed themselves to their task.

In a clear, steady voice the old man called the numbers, and every time he called a ringer leaned forward on the rope of the bell whose name he bore. Ned, besides calling the peal, rang the bell Abraham, which had no namesake among his sons. It was a goodly sight to see that father and his vigorous boys bend mind and muscle to the production of those sweet sounds which, swelling from the dark belfry into the frosty, starlit air, fell with a glad and gentle cadence among the fields and peaceful homes of the villagers. As the peal proceeded, the light of exultation sparkled in the old man's eyes, and he glanced proudly at his boys, whose manly forms bent and rose in prompt obedience to his calls.

But suddenly a spasm of pain convulsed Ned's features, and the sons looked apprehensively in the direction of their brother David. The tenor bell was ringing out of tune. The old man

ceased to call, and six of the ringers released their hold on the ropes; but the tenor bell still rang on, its ringer appearing to be all oblivious of the consternation he had caused. One glance sufficed to explain the nature of the trouble. Dave was drunk.

Ned with clenched hands and flashing eyes strode across the floor.

"Let be!" he cried. But David, apparently not hearing him, continued to stagger to and fro with the bell-rope in his hands.

"Let be!" the old man cried again, and this time there was menace in his tone. The intoxicated boy only gave a foolish laugh and went on as before.

A moment later the brothers started forward to grasp their father's upraised arm; but they were too late. The blacksmith's heavy fist had fallen full on the face of the swaying lad and felled him to the floor.

With an exclamation of horror the brothers turned away. For several moments the angry parent gazed silently upon the prostrate form of his favourite son; but his set features did not soften.

"We've done with the bells to-night," he said abruptly. "Put on your coats."

A few moments later two of the sons turned towards the insensible boy, and made as if they would bear him home.

"Let him be," commanded their father firmly.

Then, taking their lanterns in silence, they went out into the night. For some distance they walked stolidly on, each busied with his thoughts; but as they neared the cottage the old man stopped abruptly, and when he spoke the sons scarce recognised their father's voice.

"We'll go back," he breathed hoarsely, "and God would do well to strike me down as I go, even as I smote down the lad." A deep sob issued from his chest, and then, with quickened steps, he led the way back to the church. When they came to the belfry door the old man entered first.

"Dave!" he cried. There was no answer, and as they looked they saw the boy was gone. The father rushed out through the open door.

"Dave!" he cried, and the frenzied accents echoed from hill to hill; but again there came no answer. The old man staggered back to where his sons awaited him in the tower. He stumbled at the threshold, and reeling across the



room, he fell insensible beside a large crimson stain upon the floor.

The next day the Dexter chimes were silent.

• • •

For seven years an old man mourned and two women wept and shared a common sorrow in Dexter. Since that fateful Christmas Eve no word had been received from David, and no one knew whether he was alive or dead. The sunshine seemed now to have all passed from out old Ned's life, and he brooded in silence over his misfortune. His affection for the bells seemed to have suffered a diminution, and he no longer found the same solace in their peals that he had been wont to find before. Ned saw how bravely the poor mother bore the awful blow which his rash act had inflicted upon her, and did all that was in his power to alleviate her mental sufferings. There was another also, who, because of the unswerving fidelity to his long-lost son, found a warm place in the old man's heart. This was Betty Seacombe, Dave's old sweetheart. Year after year had Betty repulsed the advances of all who sought her hand, for her faith in Dave was still unshaken. She believed he was still alive and would one day return to make good his promise to her. Thus it came to pass that Ned soon came to feel for the faithful girl all that affection he would have bestowed upon a daughter if he had had one. He did not share in her belief that Dave would one day return to Dexter, though he was always careful not to tell her so.

Ned was growing feeble now, and had resolved that with a last Christmas peal he would cease to ring the Dexter bells. One stranger had already found a place in his company of ringers, and now another might find entry also. Having come to this conclusion Ned set about making preparations for his farewell service as the village bell-ringer.

Once again the twilight shadows of a Christmas Eve stole over the little village of Dexter, and at the accustomed hour Ned Blakesley and his sons walked across the fields to Dexter church. With them was a ringer who, seven years before, had taken the place of the absent David. Ned walked behind the others, and on his arm leaned Betty Seacombe, who had come to see the ringers at their work.

The chiming of the bells was now familiar to them all, so it was with none of the feelings of trepidation which had characterised their first attempt that the ringers assumed their respective positions. Ned grasped the rope of bell David, and soon the bells were pealing blithely. But the old man's voice had lost much of its former power to-night, and the numbers issued in unsteady accents from his lips. For a time the bells rang merrily together in perfect concord. Then, as once before, there was a startled glance towards the ringer of the tenor bell, for it was ringing fitfully and out of tune.

"I cannot do it—I cannot do it," the old man cried, as he released the rope. "There be none of that glad music in my old heart to-night. Lass, lass!" he sobbed pitifully, as he made his way with feeble steps towards the weeping Betty. "Lass, thee loved the lad—my boy—my David. Thee knows why I cannot ring the Dexter bells to-night."

The young girl placed her arm around the old man's neck, and led him to a stool. He sank down helplessly, and buried his face in his hands. The sons stood silently beside their ropes with folded arms and downcast gaze.

"Yes, dad, I know," the girl said softly.

"There is no more music in the Dexter bells for me," he sobbed. "They have forgotten me, lass—they have forgotten me, and only speak to others, and now to-night they will not speak at all."

But, even as he spoke, his beloved bells raised their voices to a well-remembered strain. Softly—sweetly, and as kindly as they had spoken to him in his youth they were speaking to him now. There was a startled exclamation from the woman by his side, but though he heard it he did not raise his eyes. Was he dreaming? Whose hand had taken the rope of David when he had let it go? Whose voice was that which called the long familiar numbers of his favourite Christmas hymn? And why was the fair girl hanging round his old neck and weeping on his bosom? A hot thrill pervaded his body, and left him as cold as a frosty tombstone. An awful fear was in his mind. Was he about to wake? No; for as he raised his eyes the dream went on. The ringing

ceased, and a tall, well-dressed man turned towards him, and held out his hand.

"Dad, have you forgiven me?" he asked, gently.

The old man shook as if with palsy and, as he scrambled to his feet, there was a light upon his features as bright and beautiful as the halo which surrounds the Christ-child's head. A great sob issued from his bosom, and tottering forward he fell into the stranger's outstretched arms.

"Betty, it is Dave."

Well, that is my story, stranger. What followed cannot be described in words, and maybe Betty wouldn't like to have me tell it all. Old Ned lived peacefully for several years, and up to the last month of his life he sat in

yonder belfry and called the peal. He is sleeping in the old churchyard now beside his wife, and there is a story told among the country-folk that every night his spirit climbs the belfry stairs to sit and smoke a phantom pipe from midnight until cock-crow beside the Dexter bells. I don't believe the yarn myself; but still if it is possible for a ghost to walk at night, the Dexter belfry is just the place Ned Blakesley's ghost would go to sit. The brothers are all alive, and still ring the bells of Dexter as their father used to do. Betty? Well, she's not far off, and if you will come into my cottage here, she will make you a cup of tea. Betty is—eh? Ay, stranger, I am he who rang the sweet-toned bell David on that joyous Christmas Eve, and Betty is my wife.



Books of Children.



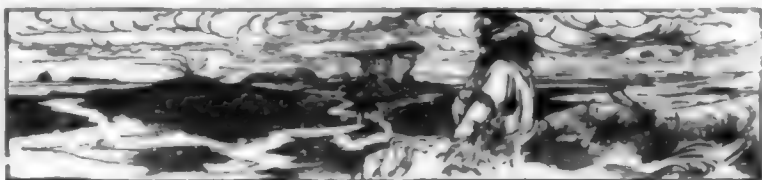
IT has fallen to the lot of Mr. John Lane to publish many a lovely book; but you will be ready to aver that he has put forth the most exquisite piece of work like to come from the Bodley Head for many a long day in his new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verse*, with illustrations by Charles Robinson. The cry of the author against the illustrator is frequently heard; nor can you expect otherwise, for the author must usually fail to convey to the artist the ideas concerning the characters and the setting of his stories which dwell in his mind, but are not to be found in his

printed tale. Illustrations, therefore, which delight the keenest lover of the book, may happen to disappoint its writer. But Mr. Robinson's art has so absolutely caught the spirit of the poems that you are certain his loudest eulogist would be R. L. S. were the Master still with us.

To children all the world is Fairyland, and they go through it making every day some fresh discovery that marks the day as memorable. To Robert Louis Stevenson (as you may see in his essays and his letters) it was granted to keep this exquisite illusion until the end of his life. He expresses the attitude of the child, and just as certainly his own, in the naive couplet:

*The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.*

If you will look at the lovely picture Mr. Robinson has set about these lines you will perceive how thoroughly he has understood his author. Indeed, of this picture, as of many another, it may be said that those who buy the book, in its



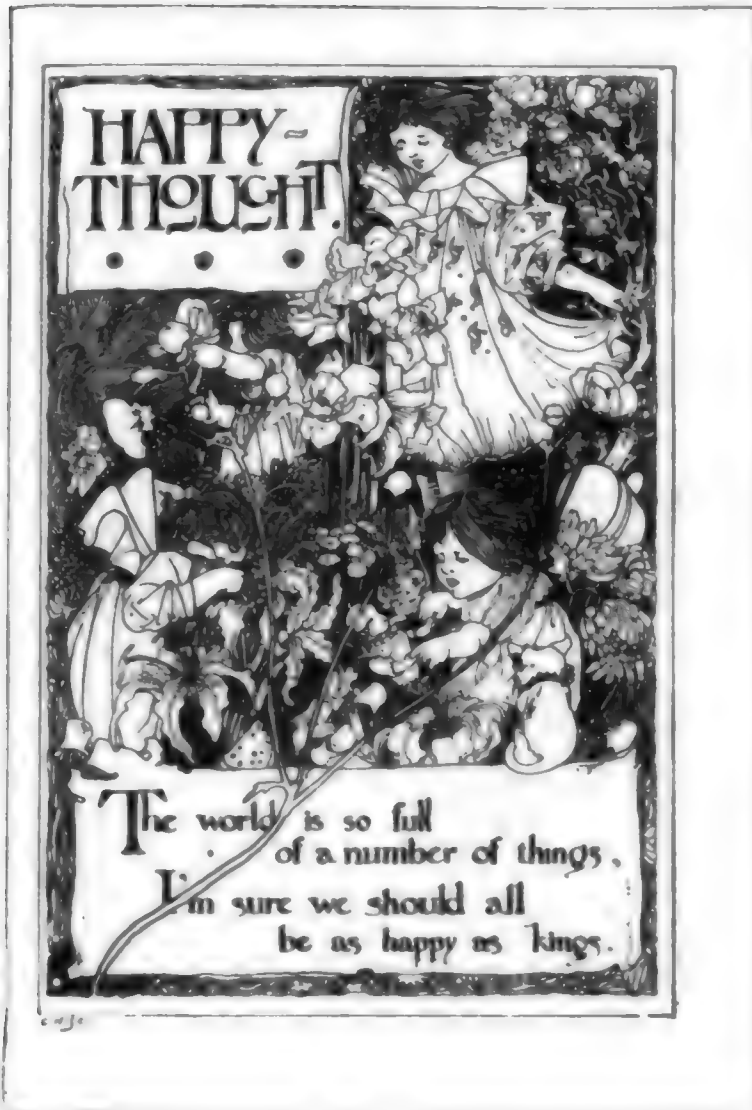
THE WIND

newest form, though they be ancient lovers of it, will soon come to think of poems and pictures as things which must have been created together: they will find it hard to believe that the best of them were not both the creatures of a single brain.

That view of the world, as a place full of strange new things to be discovered, permeates the whole of the verses, and is similarly to be found in Mr. Robinson's drawings. Look at the heading of "Young



•  • YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT.



Night Thought;" at the solitary child in "The Wind;" at the wonderful little picture of children lifting a window-blind to look out into a dark and windy night; look, if you will, merely at the tiny figure which stands by the initial letter in this illustration. You see the old fairy-land from which you have been an exile these many days, and behold the beautiful and bold adventurers of whose noble company you were one in the childhood you have almost forgotten. They are all looking forward (as one of the little poems reminds you) to the time when they will be even as you are; but as you watch them you could almost find it in you to tell them never to be grown up, always to be children, since to those who let themselves grow older the time comes when the world's fulness of things which are not beautiful becomes its most patent feature.

Concerning some aspects of the drawings we have already written: they are beautiful interpretations of the poems. But they are worthy to be praised apart from that. In some there is marvellous intricacy and endless detail: you may study them a long while and still find fresh food for delight. Yet are you more apt than not to overlook the detail, for the excellent reason that the intricacy is not due to the artist's effort to conceal the lack of a pictorial idea. In every drawing such an idea informs the whole and the eye is so well pleased with that whole that it is not naturally inquisitive as to detail. The best art always appeals to you in that way, for in the best art the most wonderful detail is subordinated to the whole. Another point remains to be dwelt upon: the way in which Mr. Robinson gets his effect where it does not please him to use much detail. There is a line of children marching

to bed with candles in their hands, and strange shadows on the floor, round which it were an easy task to write pages and pages of letterpress. But the finest things in the whole book (if you accept the standpoint of your present guide) are certain tiny landscapes. There is a corner in the National Gallery where the landscapes run large, and



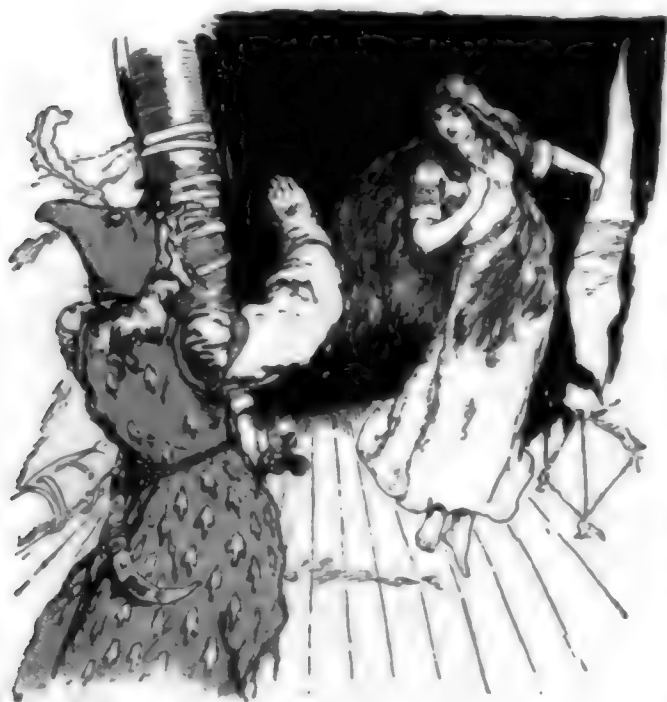
THE LAND
OF NOD

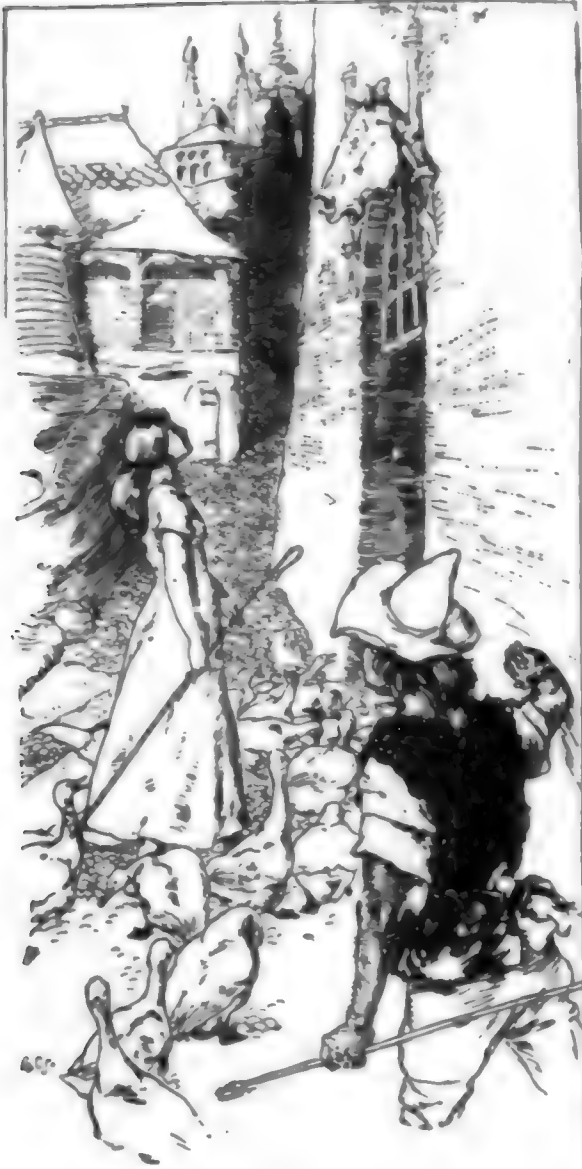
many a man goes there, when the City is close and crowded, to get from Old Crome and one or two others a reminder of the fact that the world has regions where the wide sky and the open moorland give you liberty to breathe. But for the future the same impression of wide free space will be obtainable within the tiniest chambers, if those chambers hold this book. A little drawing of one inch by four, "The Wind," shows you such a stretch of landscape as you might climb huge hills in the clear autumn weather and still fail to see. The same may be said of the head piece, "The Unseen Playmate," and of another which apparently shows all the people in the world—the child's world—taking shelter from the rain beneath a veritable army of umbrellas. But it is necessary to stop somewhere, and now the book may be commended to the study of all who love children and all who love beauty. To call it the best illustrated book of

the season were to be guilty of a sort of inverted hyperbole. There is really no book like it.

When fairy tales are to be retold, as when old gems are to be reset, a skilful workman is needed to the task, else it were better left alone. From the land of the piskeys comes this grey and golden volume of fairy stories born again—*Fairy Tales, Far and Near*, retold by A. T. QUILLER COUCH (Cassell)—and the facile pen of "Q," resting doubtless from matters of greater moment, is responsible for them. Whether or not such work should be left to literary lapidaries who want the creative instinct and, like your tropic tangles of flower-gemmed parasite, depend upon something solid, something partly hidden, to support their brilliance, is a question. Pens there are, and able ones, whose achievements, even to the writing of notable story books, had not existed save

FAIRY-BREAD





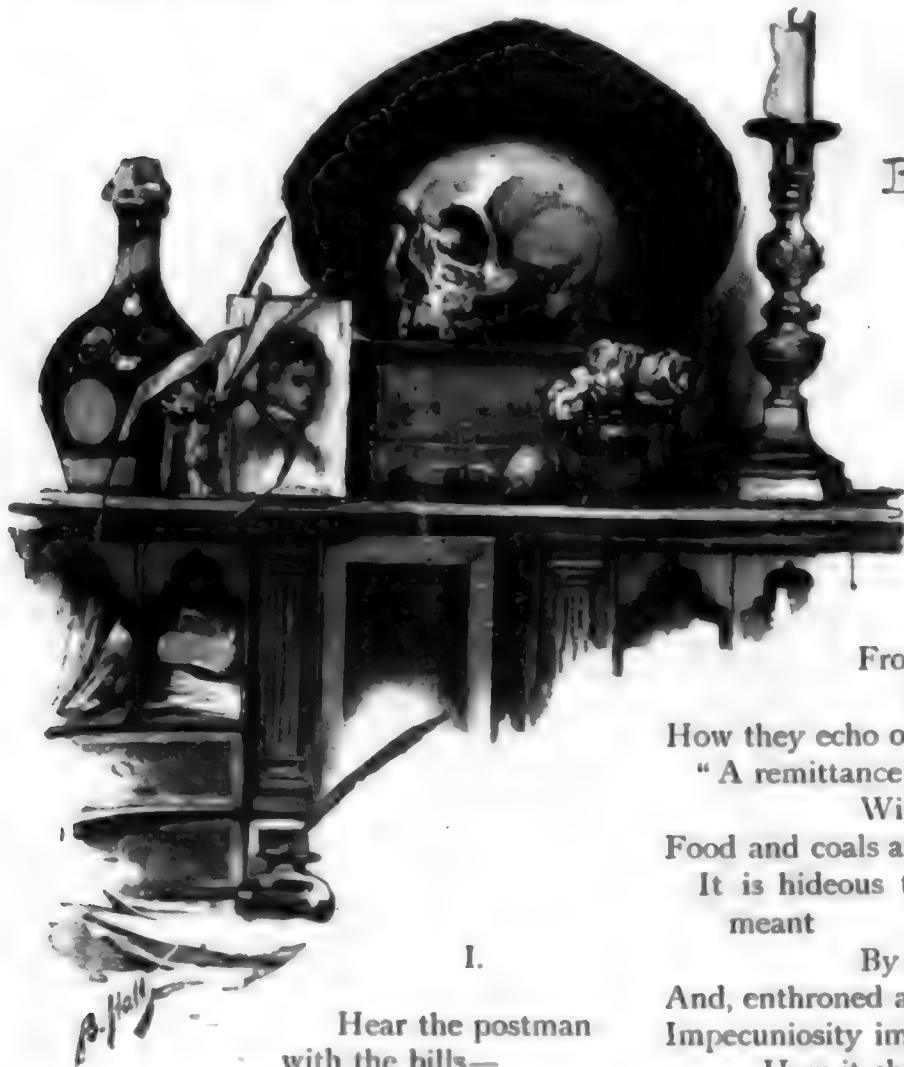
for what went before. Their flights depend on those of other wings; their triumphs consist in retouching other men's canvases and sewing brilliant braid to the tail of other men's coats. But the creative artist is not thus happily employed. He can do a thing better worth doing; and the man who, having new fairy stories hidden in him, yet occupies his time in setting forth old ones, surely robs our babes and sucklings of their just due. Having said which you will hasten to add that, as these stories were to be re-written, nobody could have done the task better than "Q," and few so well. He has touched them with his own delicate play of fancy, he has rubbed the dust off them, he has greatly brightened them. "Q," moreover, is most catholic in his sources of inspiration and provides fare for

every taste. "The Three Robes of Wonder" comes from *Traditions de l'Asie Mineure*; "The Valiant Tailor" from Grimm, and "Gammer Grethel" and elsewhere; the delicious "Carnation, White and Black" has its spring in *Nouveaux Contes des Fées*; the source of "Prince Hatt" is a South Smaland tale and its variants; and so forth with the rest. Mr. H. R. Milner's distinguished and delicate black-and-white work adds a charm to this charming booklet. His quaint fairy palaces, beautiful maidens, bearded magicians, kings and disguised princes are all quite as they should be. The artist has a pen-and-ink style peculiarly his own, and never employed it to better advantage than here. *Fairy Tales Far and Near* comes to us somewhat early, but, anon, no little stocking, hung by little hands to the foot of little cot and little bed, will be complete without it. Hide the book from your small folks for the present, but hint to them of a coming joy at present concealed in Santa Claus' bag until Christmas Eve. And now, Mr. COUCH, a solemn word in your ear: "Look at home for the next volume of fairy tales. Let us have some of the 'lil people' from your own Cornish fairyland. Give us of your piskeys and buccas, your mine demons, your giants, your witch-hares, and let your theatre be the lone shores and the bleak moors, the giant-piled fortresses of granite, the lands of golden apples and golden birds, where piskey-led maidens work for Robin o' the Carn and his merry little men. Write such a magic book, invent your own mysteries and horrors and heroines and delights; and good luck go with you!"



The Bills.

(BEING A WAIL IN THE WAKE OF EDGAR A. POE.)



By

Eden

Phillipotts.

From the East and from
the West

How they echo one request:

“A remittance must be sent
Without delay.”

Food and coals and clothes and rent—
It is hideous to reflect on what is
meant

I.

Hear the postman
with the bills—

Little bills!

What a secret misery the sight of them
instils!

How they flutter, flutter, flutter
In their envelopes of blue,
While you open them and mutter,
In a whisper or a stutter,
“What the deuce am I to do?”

Thinking where, where, where
Is the money that shall square

Every paltry, petty item, that monoton-
ously fills

Little bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills?

Ah! those saddening little, maddening
little bills!

II.

Read the lengthy household bills,
Awful bills!

Glancing at their totals grim, the brain
with horror thrills.

By Quarter Day.

And, enthroned amidst your cares,
Impecuniosity impertinently stares
How it chills!

How it kills

All the future, how it fills
With the haunting fear of ills,
Does that pressing and distressing
File of bills, bills, bills—

Those offensive, comprehensive house-
hold bills!

III.

There's another sort of bills—
Brazen bills!

Each its diabolic task effectively fulfils.
How all hunger to be paid
In that paper cannonade!
Will the trouble never end?
Still they send and send and send
Day and night

In a clamorous appealing to the debtor's
scanty purse,
In a wild and greedy grabbing for the
starved and shrunken purse;



BILLS, BILLS, BILLS!

DESIGNED BY HARRISON WEIR

W. H. & C. 189

And you curse, curse, curse,
 Sinking sure from bad to worse,
 Till a resolute endeavour
 Cries, "Now—now flit, or never,
 And renounce the unequal fight!"
 Oh, the bills, bills, bills—
 They are bitter, bitter pills
 To digest.

And unblushing
 Importunity. It fills
 With a frantic, maniac anger in the
 clutches of the bills,
 Of the bills,
 Of the bills, bills, bills,
 Of the screeching and beseeching cloud
 of bills.



Smiling ghosts of pleasures flown,
 Lo! we greet ye with a groan;
 Ye will never more return, sweet hours
 of rest.
 We shall have no more repose
 From the stunning
 And the dunning;
 For the monster grows and grows,
 Till it shatters iron wills,
 Under crushing

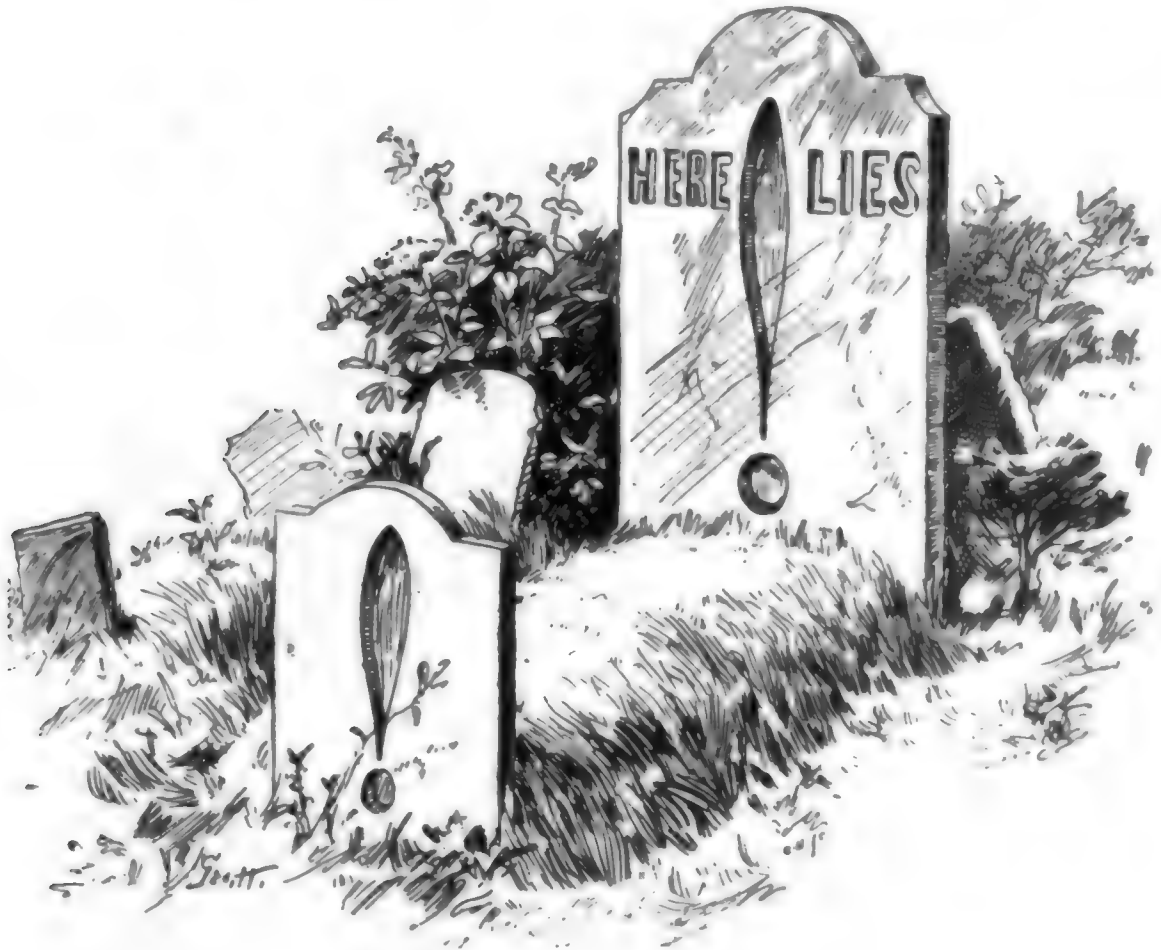
IV.

Comes the threatening of bills!
 Cruel bills!
 Pictures of a ruined home inspire the
 writers' quills.
 'Tis the last, the sorest strait,
 And we shrink before the fate
 That is bellowed in the menace of
 their tone.

Cringing now amongst our friends,
 See, the humble prayer ascends
 For a loan!
 And relations—rich relations—
 Will they heed our supplications?
 They are stone.
 They've no carking, biting, wearing,
 Tearing trouble of their own;
 No great horror of despairing
 Poverty they've ever known.
 Are they fathers? Are they mothers?
 Have they children, sisters, brothers?—
 Have they hearts?
 Back the message comes from each.
 God! They preach, preach, preach,
 Preach
 A sermon on our bills.
 Purse-proud opulency thrills
 With a shudder at the bills,
 At the bills,
 Saying "Go, go, go,
 Pay the money that you owe.

You are blotted from our wills,
 From our wills, wills, wills.
 We shall never meet your bills—
 Oh, dear no, no, no.
 Ask the hills, hills, hills
 If they'll help you in your woe—
 Beg the sea to pay yours bills,
 Pay your bills, bills, bills."

So the grinding torture kills,
 And a heart-beat slows and stills
 Lost in wilderness of ills;
 Drowned in bills, bills, bills.
 Hark! the railing of the bills,
 Of the bills, bills, bills;
 Mark! the wailing of the bills,
 Of the bills, bills, bills;
 See them patter on his coffin,
 As they fill the wretch's grave
 Full of bills, bills, bills
 Cursed bills!





CAVALIER AND ROUNDHEAD

FROM "PHIL MAY'S WINTER ANNUAL"

MR. PHIL MAY'S Annual is already an institution, and every year its hold upon your affections becomes stronger. The artist is one whom a magnificent success has in nowise spoiled, and the present volume is every whit as delightful as its predecessors. The gem of the whole, if it be necessary to choose, is a very beautiful drawing of a "donah," having beneath it a quotation from Chevalier. It is realistic enough to satisfy Mr. George Moore, but it is also as lovely a thing as you are likely to come across in many a long day's study of modern black-and-white work. Yet the level of the collection is so high that the lover of this particular drawing would be in nowise surprised if another, whose taste he had hitherto admired, deemed it not the best. For all of them are excellent: which is to say, they really are Phil May's.

New Turns at the Music-Halls.

MISS MARIE WILTON.

MISS MARIE WILTON, who entered a few days ago upon her first engagement at the Tivoli and Oxford, made her first public appearance in a pastoral play, *The*

at Gatti's, over the water. She possesses a gift which is less rare among music-hall singers than it used to be—a voice you may term musical—and she dances gracefully.



MISS MARIE WILTON

From a photograph by W. Wright, Cheapside

Queen of the Roses, in which she took the title-rôle. After that she appeared as principal at the Colosseum, Dalston, in juvenile spectacle. Her introduction to the London Halls took place at the New London, Shoreditch, and she has since appeared at Collins's, the Metropolitan, the Middlesex, the Royal, and

MR. AND MRS. SIMS REEVES.

The appearance of the "veteran tenor," Mr. Sims Reeves, at the Empire, is calculated to shock the folk who think ill of the music-hall, for you cannot expect them to realise that it is but another proof of the falseness of their cherished ideas on the subject. The daring of the step is



MR. SIMS REEVES

DRAWN BY G. G. MANTON



MRS. SIMS REEVES

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN



LES MINSTRELS PARISIENS



MR. GEORGE LINTON AS HENRY V.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. J. H. B. HARRIS.

great, for it is no small undertaking for the most vigorous of singers to sing in a huge hall like the Empire, and all the world knows how long Mr. Sims Reeves has been the very best known man of his profession. His appearance at the Empire is a sign of the times, and will do a great deal to bring about that further elevation of the halls which their patrons still desire. At least it should give some of the people who think exceeding ill of the halls an excuse for going to see for themselves that they are wrong. It is with great pleasure we publish a portrait of the lady who, having for a year or two been the most promising of the pupils of Mr. Sims Reeves, lately became his wife. Miss Maud René is the daughter of a French father and an English mother and had the good fortune to be born on this side of the Channel. Her voice, an exquisite soprano, seemed to mark her out as a singer destined to shine on the operatic stage, but matrimony is one of the few things which interfere with what seemed destiny, and before Christmas is here she will have followed the example of her husband and accepted an offer from the directors of the Empire to appear on the stage where he has scored his most recent successes.

LES MINSTRELS PARISIENS.

The grotesque trio, who come from the Ambassadeurs to the Palace, have there scored a decided success. "Chansonniers de la rue," they style themselves, but the title hardly gives an adequate idea of the varied gifts they bring to their work. They are, indeed, grotesque enough for anything, but they are this

not because they can shine in no other light. They are genuinely humorous, and they know how to sing. In addition, they are excellent instrumentalists, and make their points quite legitimately, and without the slightest suspicion of that vulgarity which you are sometimes compelled to pardon in the eccentric comedian.

MR. GEORGE LEYTON.

Mr. George Leyton is so exceeding well known that the details of his past career on the variety stage need not to be recapitulated here. It was a very bold idea to attempt to adapt Shakespeare for the music-hall, but the success of the historical tableaux from *King Henry V.* at the Oxford has altogether justified the original boldness. Mr. Leyton has done the same sort of thing before, having appeared in the part of Wellington at Waterloo, and subsequently in a military sketch entitled "The Last Grip," which was suggested by *Black and White's* coloured supplement of last Christmas. Naturally these successes mean that Mr. Leyton will be with us in London for a long time to come, and he has ambitions of which we may see the fulfilment in the near future. He is blest by fortune with an excellent voice and an equally distinguished stage presence, so that he can do this kind of thing without suggesting the sort of reflection which comes to you in watching certain others in the same sort of work. It is understood that Mr. Leyton sees opportunities for a repetition of his latest success in the adaptation of other Shakespeare plays on the same lines as those of *Henry V.*, and—you will see what you will see.



On the Stage.

COMEDY THEATRE.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS, ENTITLED

THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

BY ARTHUR W. PINERO.

Mrs. Emptage	(a Widow)	Miss HENRIETTA LINDLEY
Claude Emptage	(her Son)	Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD
Justina Emptage	}	(her Daughters)	Miss ESME BERINGER
Theophila Frazer				Miss WINIFRED EMERY
Sir Fletcher Portwood, M.P.	(her Brother)	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE
Mrs. Cloys	(her Sister)	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ
Rt. Rev. Anthony Cloys, D.D., Bishop of St. Olpherts	Mr. ERNST COSHAM
Alexander Fraser—"Fraser of Locheen"	Mr. J. G. GRAHAME
John Allingham	Mr. LEONARD BOYNE
Denzil Shafto	}	(his Friends)	Mr. J. W. PIGOTT
Peter Elphick				Mr. STUART CHAMPION
Horton	(a Servant at Mrs. Emptage's)	Mr. MULES BROWNE
Quaife	(a Servant at Mr. Allingham's)	Mr. J. BYRON
Olive Allingham	Miss LILY HANBURY (By permission of Mr. Tree.)
Mrs. Quinton Twelves	Miss EVA WILLIAMS

The Scenes are Placed at Mrs. Emptage's House, in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, and at "The Lichens," Mr. Allingham's Cottage at Epsom. The events of the First and Second Acts occur on the same day, those of the Third Act about fifteen hours afterwards.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

A NEW PLAY, IN THREE ACTS, ENTITLED

HER ADVOCATE

BY WALTER FRITH.

George Abinger, Q.C.	Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT
Douglas Ferraby, Esq.	(Barristers-at-Law)	Mr. OSWALD YORKE
John Melcombe, Esq.	Mr. HOLMES-GORE
Michael Dennis, Esq.	Mr. FORBES DAWSON
Dr. Marshall	(A Country Doctor)	Mr. C. W. SOMERSET
Welsby	(Abinger's Clerk)	Mr. CECIL RAMSEY
Sergeant Black	(A Detective)	Mr. WILLIE YOUNG
The Hon. Mr. Justice Vesey	{ One of the Judges of the High Court of Justice }	Mr. CHAS. HARTON
Flack	Mr. ALFRED PHILLIPS
Marker	(Country Policeman)	Mr. D. NORMAN
Mr. Bodmin	(Clerk of Assize)	Mr. S. TREVOR
Mr. Maclean	(Judge's Clerk)	Mr. A. H. LYONS
Mr. Blackstone, Q.C.	(Counsel for the Prosecution)	Mr. LYSTON LYLE
The High Sheriff	Mr. R. VAUGHAN
The Chaplain	Mr. P. J. HILLIER
The Judge's Marshal	Mr. F. W. BEDELLS
Foreman of the Jury	Mr. A. COLLINS
Mrs. Field	(A Nurse)	Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON
Mrs. Melcombe	Miss HENRIETTA WATSON
Blanche Ferraby	Miss LENA ASHWELL
Female Warder	Miss MAJOR

Barristers, Reporters, Solicitors, Jurymen, &c.

ACT I., SCENE... Abinger's Chambers, 5, Plum Tree Court, Inner Temple, London, E.C.

ACT II., SCENE 1, The Circuit Lodgings, Westgate, Melchester. SCENE 2, The County Gaol.

ACT III. ... The Assize Court, Melchester.

Between Acts I. and II. Five Weeks Elapse.

Acts II. and III. Same Day.

STRAND THEATRE.
AN ORIGINAL WHAT-YOU-WILL, IN THREE ACTS,
THE LORD MAYOR.

BY HARRY AND EDWARD A. PAULTON.

Sir Martin Marlowe	Of The Larches, Richmond,	{	Mr. HARRY PAULTON
Martin Marlowe, Junior	Lord Mayor of London	}
Miss Sabina Marlowe	His Son	Mr. SCOTT BUIST
Miss Clarissa Marlowe	His Sister	Miss GLADYS EVELYN
	His Daughter	Miss AGNES POULTON

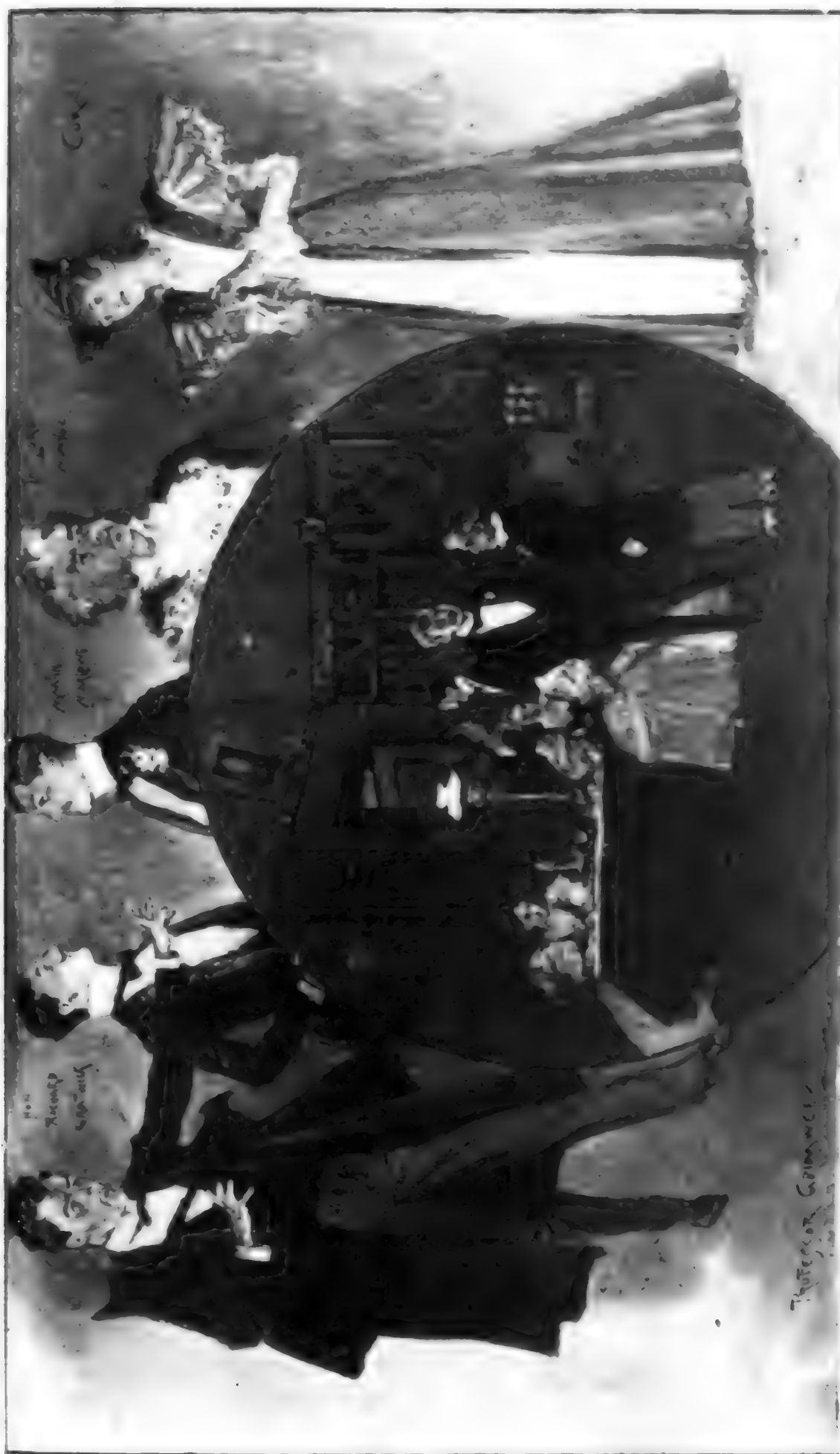


MISS KATE SANTLEY IN "VANITY FAIR"
From a photograph by Lafayette

The Hon. Richard Gratwick	Mr. HAROLD CHILD
Lady Muriel Gratwick	Miss AMY EISTOB
Bristle	...	Butler at The Larches	...	Mr. JAMES WELCH
Professor Grimweed	...	Hypnotist and Theosophist	...	Mr. CLINTON BADDELEY
Cora	...	His Supposed Daughter	...	Miss ALICE DE WINTON
Alderman Robbins	Mr. JARVIS WIDDICOMBE
Alderman Harris	Mr. FRED COVENTRY
Henry H. Morgan	...	Of the American Consulate	...	Mr. NEWMAN MAURICE
Daniel B. Jackson	...	Of the Embassy	...	Mr. STANLEY BETJEMAIN
Inspector Handford	...	City Police	...	Mr. F. J. WALLER
Gebel	Mr. G. THOMAS
Turner	...	Deputation for the Unemployed	...	Mr. E. WILSON
Griffin	Mr. SAM WALDRON
ACT I.	AT THE LARCHES, RICHMOND
ACT II.	AT THE MANSION HOUSE
ACT III.	AT THE LARCHES







'THE LORD MAYOR' AT THE STRAND

PROF. G. G. G. G.

PROF. G. G. G. G.



MR. E. C. HEDMOND
From a photograph by Dinnie, Leeds

THE ENGLISH OPERA.

THE debt of the English musical public to the enterprise of Sir Augustus Harris is already very great, and the late season of Wagnerian opera in English at Covent Garden, in the arrangement of which Mr. E. C. Hedmond had at least an equal share, goes a long way to increase the indebtedness. Concerning Mr. Hedmond it may be added that he is an American by birth, but was mainly educated in Canada. At a very early age he became known as the possessor of a beautiful voice, and at the age of nineteen he appeared before the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. He was then inspired to go to Leipsic, where he studied under various masters for a period of two years, eventually making his debut at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, as the French Ambassador in *Peter the Shipwright*. He presently returned to Leipsic and continued his successful career, singing at divers times before the present Emperor of Germany and his two predecessors upon the throne,

the late Czar of Russia, the King of Saxony and other royalties. In 1888 he made his first appearance at Bayreuth, and after an American and Mexican tour in 1889 he came to England and entered into an engagement with Sir Augustus Harris for a three years' season of Italian opera at Covent Garden. The directors of the Carl Rosa Company, hearing his first rehearsal at Covent Garden, offered him a three years' engagement, which he accepted. This having expired, he has resolved to educate those English folk who do not like Wagner, and to give those who admire him opportunities of enjoyment. Hence the recent season of Wagnerian opera at Covent Garden.

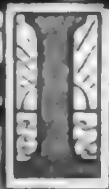


MADAME MARIE DUMA IN THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN"
From a photograph by Walery



MDLLE. CASSIVE
OF THE PARIS FOLLIES-DRAMATIQUE

LIFE AND DEATH.

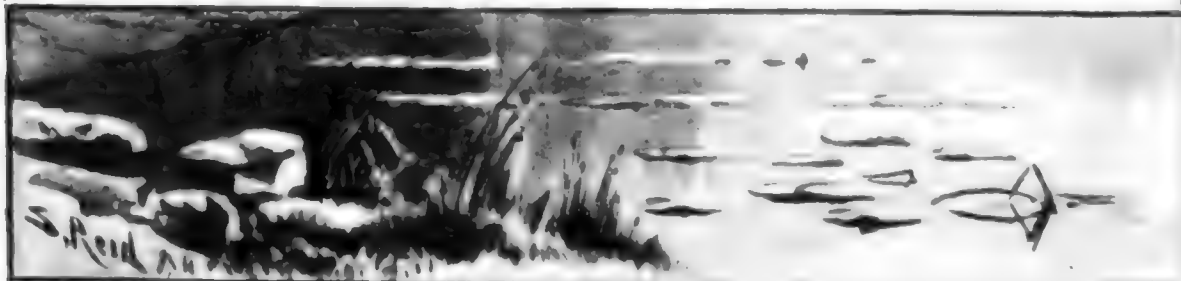


IN the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

O, to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarred!

O, to dream, O, to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath;
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes:
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

R. L. STEVENSON.



Verses originally published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Pictorial History of the Month.



SOME NATIVE CARRIERS



THE GOLD COAST HOUSSAS



GOVERNOR MAXWELL AND HIS STAFF

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN



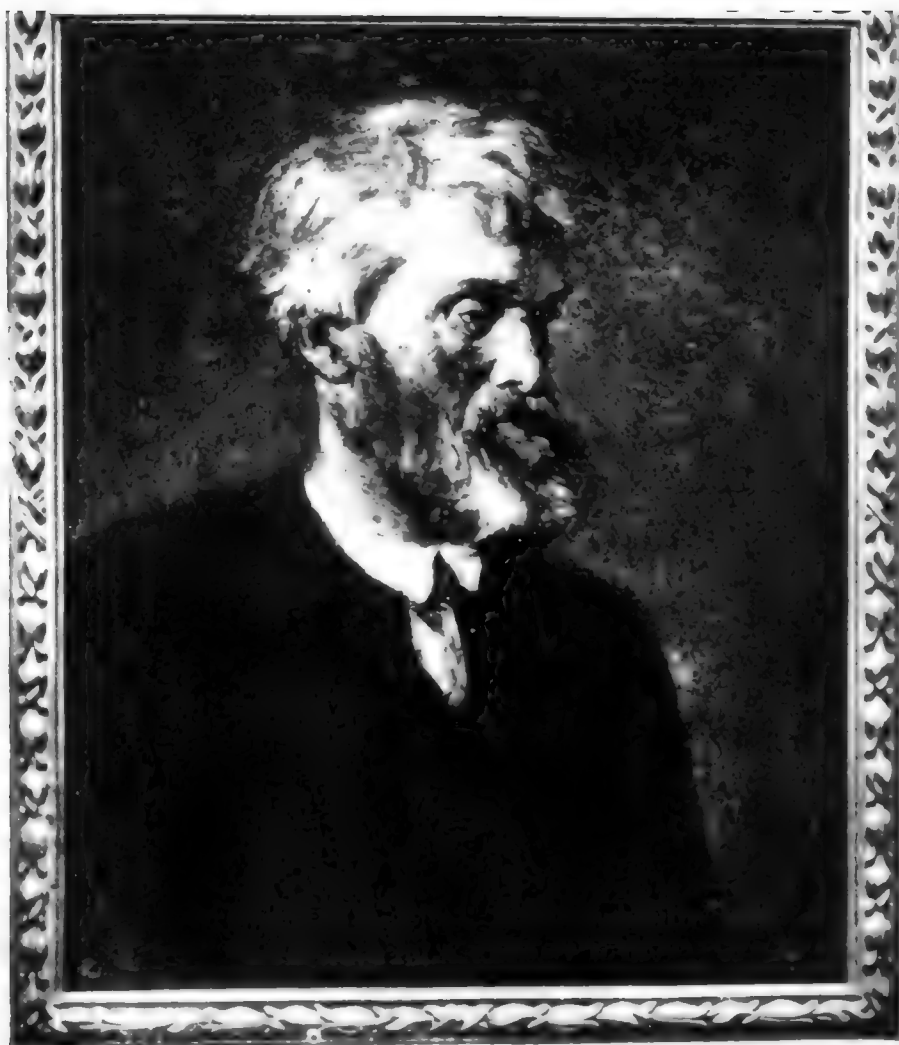
TWO BATTERIES OF CONSTABULARY
THE ULTIMATUM TO THE CHIEF OF COOMASSIE
THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN



MAJOR FOTHARE OF THE CONGO FREE STATE



LAUNCHING BOATS ON THE AFRICAN COAST



THE CARLYLE ANNIVERSARY

ESSEY BY THE REV. J. E. WATTS, D.D.



THE ROOM WHERE CARLYLE WAS BORN

— PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. WATTS, D.D. —



VIEW OF ECLEFECHAN



CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. WOODS, ABERDEEN



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CARL



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS MARIE

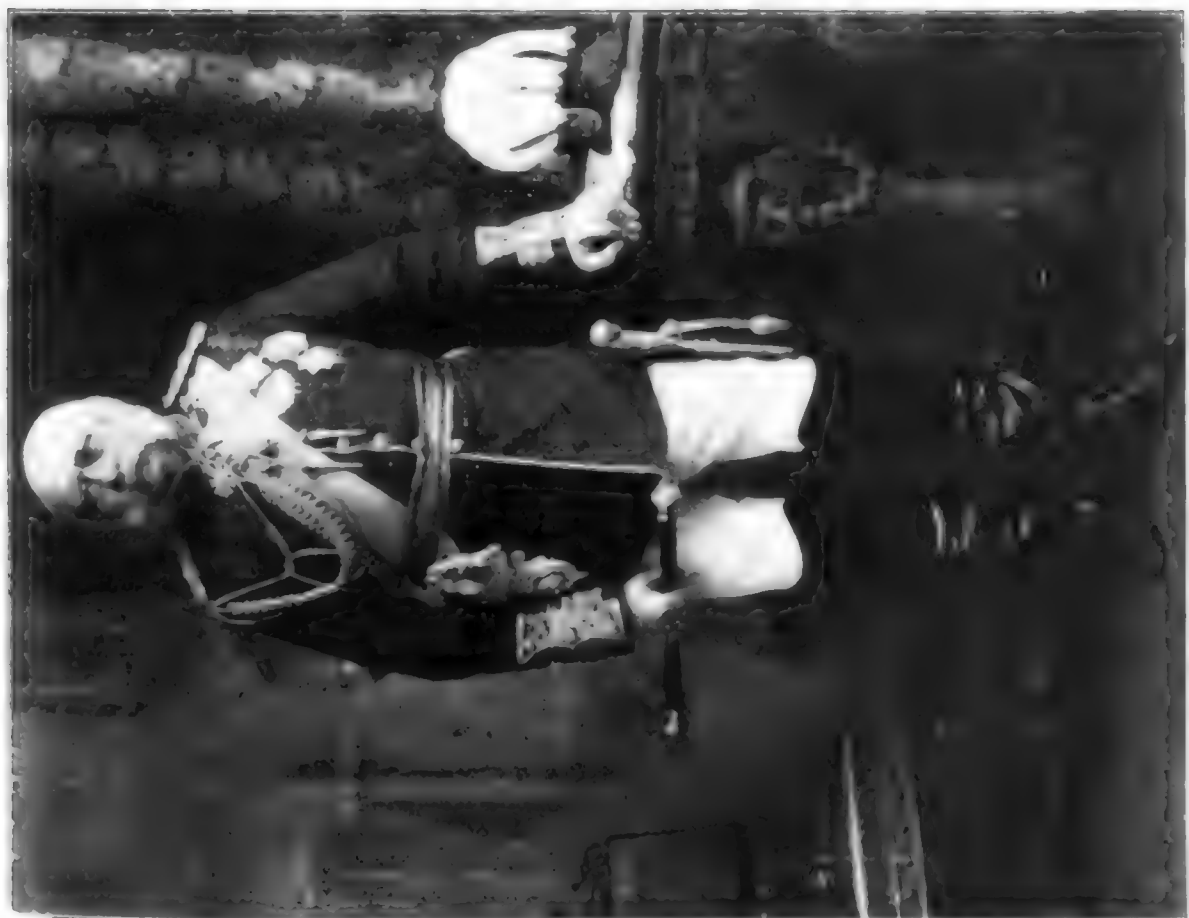
THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

PORTRAIT OF MR. BULLOCK



THE LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE BY NALLI AND FOX





LOYALTY WATCHING THE GREAT DIVE AT THE AQUARIUM



THE TURCOTT COMMEMORATION



THE JACKSON-HALENSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION

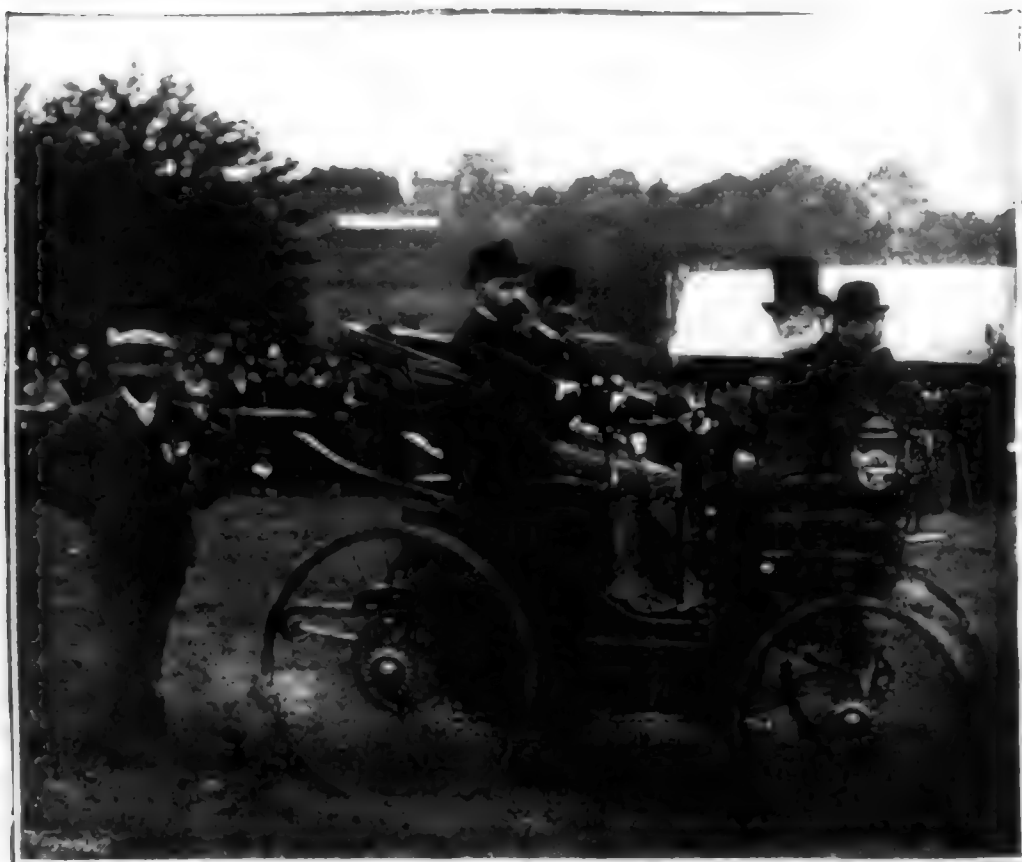
S. J. JACKSON, AND H. H. HALENSWORTH, N. M. O. A. N. C. A.



V. I. LAIN W. L. N.



THE "VICINA LONE"
THE KARA SEA ROUTE TO SIBERIA



TWO SPECIMENS OF THE AUTO-CAR



THE RAILWAY SMASH AT ST. NEOTS



MR. P. C. DRYDEN



SERGEANT HASKER

From photographs by The Sunderland Photographic Co.

THE FIREMEN KILLED AT SUNDERLAND



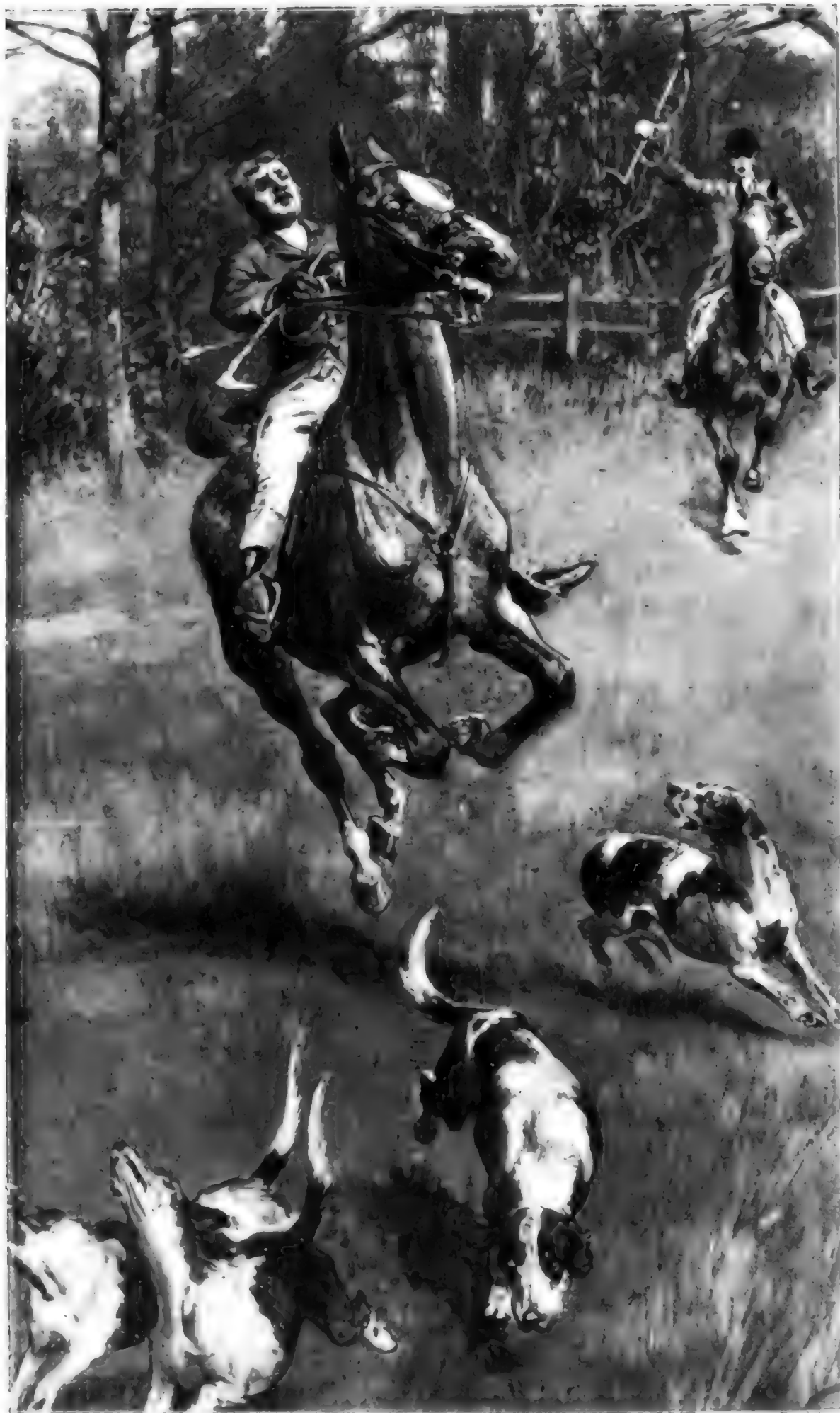
THE FIREMAN'S FUNERAL IN LONDON
From a photograph by Symmons and Thiele

FIREMAN MALCOLM SPRAGUE
Killed in the Strand disaster

THE FATAL EXPLOSION IN THE STRAND

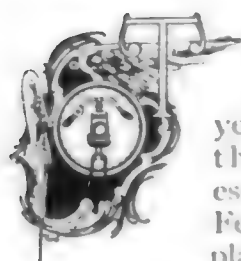


THE CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE



THE FOX-HUNTING SEASON

DRAWN BY A. FRANK AUSTIN



O half the world, Christmas is the jolliest season of all the year, to the other half the saddest. It is essentially a Children's Festival: everything is planned for their entertainment. Them that have no children—whose joy to watch, whose pleasure to share—must be dull indeed. Even the most unselfish objects to the presence of an outsider at the especial family gathering: hence the lonely one is thrust still further into the cold. To him or her I cannot help saying: Why remain in England, enduring the foggy weather, yet missing the gaiety of our gala time? Why not snatch a few days of inspiring sunshine at the Swiss lakes, say Vevey or Montreux, or idle away a few days of delicious lazing on the Riviera, where there are no obtrusive family parties, loudly jovial, and where light-hearted little bands of sojourners are merry in exile?

For the young folks' sake, mothers ought to make Christmas a term of rejoicing. Walt Whitman sings, and that wisely, that everything a child sees and hears enters into him and becomes a part of him. During their early years alone possess we the power of putting gladness into the lives of our children. Then they rarely have sorrows that we cannot effectually comfort. As they

grow up others enter into their lives, and we lose the privilege of turning their tears to smiles. Let us, therefore, conspire to make every Christmas a pleasant memory. To us, holly may seem but a prickly shrub, painful to touch, and difficult to festoon, and mistletoe but a foolish vegetable, apt to give occasion for giggling among otherwise discreet





maids. Yet, to the bairns, these are the insignia of joyous holiday.

To grown-ups, again, a Christmas Tree is a somewhat wobbly bush, prone to lop-sidedness and to sudden overthrow. To little ones, however, it is a magic tree, a thing of dazzling beauty and wondrous surprises, whose radiance colours their dreams for many a night. A large Christmas Tree takes up much room, and its dressing entails heaps of extra work at a busy season. My own plan is to get a small, well-shaped, tree, to decorate it gaily with flags and an abundance of those dear, meaningless, glittering ornaments never beheld elsewhere, and to have it lit up on the breakfast table on Christmas morning—usually foggy in London—with the accustomed gifts piled around it. The pot is decked with bright ribbons, and the earth concealed with cotton-wool that, to youthful eyes, bears adequate resemblance to snow. At every meal that day it is illuminated, and every

evening after, till, singed and shabby, it is at last reluctantly relegated to the dust-bin.

Pessimists declare even our infants blasé. I do not believe it: yet I must confess to being shocked and amused at a holiday lunch last winter, to hear certain youthful dyspeptics decline plum-pudding and mince-pies, on the ground that they were "too rich." Still, I am proud to be able to record that the more matured guests, though they may have bitterly thought of the morrow, did not refuse these delicacies.

One afternoon in late December, last year, certain of my son's school-fellows, ranging from five to eight years of age, were coming to take tea with him. So he and I put

on our considering caps to invent an unexpected treat for them. We succeeded in devising something which, with the Editor's permission, I shall christen the *Ludgate* Pie. First we went shopping and selected a number of queer little gifts—not the class of toy usually given to youngsters, and, therefore, the more esteemed—whimsical iron figures: one I remember was a gnome turning a grindstone, another a punch whose head waggled, a third a clown teaching a dog tricks, and quaint fancies of that sort. Then I went downstairs, donned a gigantic apron of cook's and proceeded to make the *Ludgate* Pie. Cook would no doubt have done the work much better; but, I fear, I desired all the credit. Young Babs thought it would be a good idea to make the crust sweet and crisp,

—No human figure, child,
to go or come.
No face looked forth
from shut or open casement.

that a slice might be served to each visitor. So I used lots of sugar, and after covering the pie dish and seeing it safely ensconced in the oven, went triumphantly upstairs. Alas for amateur cockery! In half-an-hour cook appeared, with the request that I should look at the pie. Anxiously I hurried down to find—what I ought to have known—that, having no support, the paste had subsided, and lay in a stodgy mass at the bottom of the dish, a small ruin of crust still clinging to the rim. Daunted, but not subdued, I set to work afresh. I filled the large dish with tiny brown cream jugs packed closely together on their sides and covered them with pieces of dry bread that the top might be nicely raised. The second crust was made tough, under cook's advice, that there might be the less danger of breakage when it came to be removed, that the jugs might be taken out and the presents put in. It was compounded of flour, water, and a little dripping, and served its purpose well, though he were brave who attempted to eat it. The gifts were wrapped up separately in white paper, tied with baby ribbon of vivid hue, and each bore a label with the intended recipient's name. When the crust was browned, a knife was slipped between the edge and the dish, and it was lifted aside till the jugs were replaced by the parcels. The crust was then replaced, a napkin neatly folded round the dish, and the *Ludgate* Pie was complete, and looked worthy its name.

When the juvenile party was seated round the tea-table, its eyes sparkled at the notion of having pie to tea; and one and all said, "Yes, please," when Mr. Babington-Bright, who presided, and was in the secret, inquired if they would have any. The faces fell, however, when, after cutting the

first wedge of crust, he exclaimed, with mock gravity: "I'm afraid cook has made a mistake with this pie, Muriel. We won't be able to eat it." But as he raised the fork with a neat parcel labelled "Peter" suspended therefrom, there arose a perfect storm of delight. We afterwards found that these trifling little presents, received in a funny way, were treasured far above many more valuable but customary toys.

One thing we women, with our cosy homes and be vies of friends rarely realise, is the position of thousands of young men—clever fellows many of them—who every year come to town from College, or perhaps from well-bred provincial households, to pursue some profession or calling in London. Occupying chambers, they have, of course, the usual acquaintances, but they miss keenly that element of social life and of easy



"There's plenty of room, no dirt,
no damp, no cold."



hospitality between close friends whereto they have been accustomed. Their chief lack is woman's society and sympathy. One man, who has since made a name in letters, told me that during his first six months in town he never spoke to a lady. It goes without saying that there is ever society of a kind open to them, but, as a rule, it is by no means the sort they crave. This is to some extent the fault of British matrons. When we receive a letter of introduction we are apt to return a prompt invitation to dinner, and then rest satisfied that we have done all duty and politeness demand. I often think we might exercise a kindlier and a more frequent hospitality, if necessary a less elaborate one. Instead of merely asking them to join formal parties we might

welcome these strangers on a quiet evening, and let them enter into our simpler home ways. The action would be vastly appreciated, and we—well, we might entertain angels unawares.

A unique game invented by a cluster of men and maidens, snow-bound in a country house one Christmas, occurs to me. Supplying themselves with pencil and paper, they agreed to vote upon each other's charms, personal and mental: men voting only for females, *vice versa*. Each feature was to be adjudged individually; and points of character—temper, talents, and so on—were all noted, any number of marks up to ten being awarded in each division. When the final reckoning was made the girls were justly annoyed to discover that in every instance they had given more marks than they had received. Another amusing revelation when totals were announced, was that the



damsel who topped the men's lists was not in the other girls' opinions at all the prettiest or nicest present. Which shows again that there are men's women and women's women.

It is not easy to understand why the ghost should be a peculiar institution of Christmastide; but that it is the literature of the season demonstrates plainly enough. Hence no publication could be more appropriate than the magnificent edition of *The Haunted House*, with an introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson and an abundance of illustrations by Mr. Herbert Railton, issued by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. Hood's poem, though by no means his best, has a pathetic interest all its own. It throbs with his last heart-beats. Death was his familiar while he penned every line. 'Yet think of the courage and industry of the man! Great as was Hood's work his life was greater still. But Christmas is likewise the high-noon of the fairy-kind, and the little daughter of Mr. Howard Pyle, the clever American draughtsman, has received a beautiful volume of tales and pictures, entitled *Twilight Land*, from her "very own father," who has generously allowed many another child to



share its delights by permitting Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. to publish it. To both firms I am indebted for the illustrations to be found in these pages.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



Fashions of the Month.



FOR winter wear you have here a sealskin coat with sleeves of corduroy velvet and skirt to match.

•• Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowyer Street, on the following terms:—Cape or Skirt, 1s. ; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d. ; Jacket or Bodice, 1s. ; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d. ; Whole Costume, 2s. ; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



TEA-GOWN of Rose du Barri English satin, with a fichu of cream muslin, lace-edged, the neck ruffled with roses.



THIS gown is of green face cloth, with mink edged collar and skirt: Victorian bodice with yoke of old lace: jewelled belt and buttons to correspond: a pretty effect is obtained by placing coloured satin under the lace

A CHANGEABLE CLIMATE

often changes healthy persons into Invalids, but when the "inner man" is well fortified, it is easier to resist Colds, Chills, and other "seasonable" ailments.



Oh Mamma, don't forget to order Bovril!

An absolute necessity is stimulative nutriment, and Bovril, the vital principle of Prime Ox Beef, provides it, being produced by a process which retains all the actual nourishment of the Beef in addition to its stimulating properties.

For strengthening the healthy, and invigorating the weak, the most perfect form of concentrated nourishment is

BOVRIL



AN evening dress of pale blue satin with a chiffon bodice and chiffon sleeves trimmed with a broad velvet ribbon of mauve: on one shoulder rests a bunch of heliotrope: the velvet ribbons hanging to the hem of the skirt and the draped belt are made of velvet.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S

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12-Button Length Mousquetaire, 3/6; 16-Button Length, 4/6;
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Beavers, and all Light Shades.
12-Button Length Mousquetaire Black Suede with White Points, and White with
Black Points, 3/4 per pair; 16-Button Length, ditto, 4/3 per pair.

HOSIERY. Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose, Lace Open-work Fronts, in Black, Tan,
Shag Bronze, and all Light Shades, 1/8 per pair.
Ladies' Black Lisle Thread Hose, Lace Open-work Fronts, and Coloured Embroidery,
1/11, 2/5, and 2/11 per pair.
Ladies' Spun Silk Hose, Lace Open-work Fronts, in Black and all Colours,
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Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, in Black and all Colours, 4/10 per pair.
Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, Lace Open-work Fronts, in Black and all Colours,
7/11 per pair.

FANS.—REAL OSTRICH FEATHER FANS, in Black, White, and all
Shades, 10/9 and 12/11 each, postage 3d. extra; also Black, White, and
Natural from 15/11 to £5 5s. each.
A variety of Swansdown, Coque, and other Feather Fans, at 2/9, 3/9, 4/11,
and 5/11 each, postage 3d. extra.
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The **Best Set of Original Verses**, which may be given as a decorative page.

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Each photograph sent must be mounted, with the title on front, and the name and address of sender on back of mount. Silver prints are preferable for purposes of reproduction, and should be supplied whenever possible. A competitor may send in any number of photographs provided they are forwarded in one parcel. The decision of the Editor is final.

Contributions, marked "Prize Competitions," and bearing the name and address of the sender, must reach the Ludgate Offices, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., by the 1st of January; and the prize-winners will be announced in the February Number.

The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

The Queen of Hearts
she made some tarts
for her Royal Lord to sup;
The Knave of Hearts
he stole those tarts
and ate the whole lot up.

The thievish knave
soon help did crave
to cure his dreadful ill;
I'm pleased to tell
he soon got well
by taking **BEECHAM'S**
PILLS.

